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A comedy drama
in five acts, by
Charles Walcott Russell.



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PRICE TWENTY-FIVE CENTS

ESCAPED FROM THE LAW

A COMEDY-DRAMA IN FIVE ACTS

BY

CHARLES WALCOTT RUSSELL

DICK & FITZGERALD

PUBLISHERS

18 Ann Street, New York

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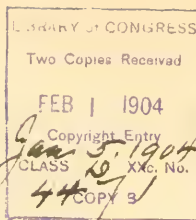
A Comedy Drama in Five Acts.

BY
C. WALCOTT RUSSELL
Author of "Prisoner of Andersonville."

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ESCAPED FROM THE LAW,



[NOTE.—The acting rights of this play are expressly reserved by the author. Theatrical managers wishing to produce it should apply to the author, in care of the publishers. Amateur representation may be made without such application and without charge.]

CHARACTERS

GENERAL ROBERT BURLEIGH.....*Owner of the works*
JOHN MIDDLETON.....*Superintendent of the works*
FELIX BEAUPLAN.....*A French scientist*
DANIEL DRUCE.....*A physician*
MICHAEL HATFIELD.....*An English agitator*
PATRICK BRANNIGAN.....*Head gardener*
ANTONIO PITTORÉ.....*A butler*
NANETTE*The General's wife*
FLORA DALROY.....*His late partner's widow*
KITTY*A maid*
LOUISE (five years old).....*The General's daughter*
MRS. RYAN.....*A neighbor*
POLICEMAN.....

TIME OF REPRESENTATION.—Two hours and a half.

TIME.—The present.

LOCALITY.—A suburb of New York.

SYNOPSIS

ACT I.—Morning. Garden and residence of the Burleighs, suburb of New York. The Irishman and the Anarchist. The Doctor recognizes the woman from Martinique and denounces her. EXPOSURE.

ACT II.—Evening. Room in General Burleigh's house. The Irishman, the Dago and the petticoat. A wife's confession. The child clings to mother. FLIGHT.

ACT III.—Afternoon. An apartment in a New York tenement. The dying child. One of Nature's noblemen. The plot to burn the mill. "It's your silence or your life." EXPIATION.

ACT IV.—Home of General Burleigh. The dangerous widow and the bashful young superintendent. The house surrounded by rioters. The sending of the message and the cutting of the telegraph wires. Brannigan to the rescue. SACRIFICE.

ACT V.—Same as Act IV. A wife's sacrifice. A husband's remorse. Arrival of the relief party. The rioters dispersed. Death of the arch-plotter. Restored to home and love once more. REWARD.

COSTUMES

GENERAL BURLEIGH. ACT I.—Prince Albert coat, dark trousers. ACT II.—Evening dress. ACT IV. and V.—Same as Act I.

JOHN MIDDLETON. Business suit until last act, then dressed as a workman.

FELIX BEAUPLAN. ACT I.—Prince Albert coat and black trousers. ACT II.—Evening dress.

DANIEL DRUCE. Dark business suit.

MICHAEL HATFIELD. Workman's shabby suit.

ANTONIO PITTORÉ. Butler's suit.

PATRICK BRANNIGAN. Neat workman's suit.

NANETTE. ACT I.—Pretty light walking costume. ACT II.—Superb evening dress. ACT III. and IV.—Plain dark dress. ACT V.—Pretty negligée.

FLORA DALROY. ACT I., III. and IV.—Swell carriage dress, gloves. ACT V.—Neat visiting costume.

KITTY. French maid costume.

MRS. RYAN. Neat Irishwoman's dress. Can be more or less comic, as preferred.

LOUISE. ACT I.—Pretty walking dress. ACT II.—Evening dress. ACT III.—Nightgown.

INCIDENTAL PROPERTIES

Cigars in box for BEAUPLAN. Pistol for NANETTE. Parcel containing a wine bottle and money for DRUCE. Dispossess warrant and papers for HATFIELD. Pitchfork and shillelah for PATRICK. Sword for ANTONIO.

STAGE DIRECTIONS

To a player facing the audience R. means right; L., left; C., centre; R. C., right of centre; L. C., left of centre; UP, toward back of stage; DOWN, toward the footlights; F., flat or back scene; 1, 2, 3, etc., first, second, third grooves; E., entrance; R. U. E., right upper entrance; L. U. E., left upper entrance; D. C. F., door in centre of flat.

ESCAPED FROM THE LAW.



ACT I.

SCENE.—*Garden and residence of the BURLEIGHS. Rustic Bench, L. 2. Set house and steps, L. U. Rustic chairs at discretion. MIDDLETON discovered on steps, HATFIELD near him.*

MIDDLETON. It will be no use your waiting. I am positive the General will not see you.

HATFIELD. That's not for you to say. He's no King, nor Duke, to be looked at a mile away. He's no better than I am!

MID. That may be all true. You think you have a right to speak to him. He also has his right to refuse to see you!

HAT. Well, I'll hang around and run my chances (*going*). He's *got* to do as we say. We can't live on wind!

MID. No, nor whiskey.

HAT. Oh, you temperance people make me sick!

[EXIT, R. U.]

MID. (*comes down and looks after him*). There's trouble brewing! A loafer and a vagabond, with just enough education to make him dangerous! Ah, well!

[*Turns, meets GENERAL BURLEIGH, who enters from the house.*]

GENERAL. Good-morning, Middleton!

MID. Good-morning, sir!

GEN. Anything important?

MID. Well, yes! This morning you leave for Pittsburg, to be gone some days. Before you go I want to warn you that some of the men are dissatisfied!

GEN. Not going to strike, are they? (*Laughs.*)

MID. Perhaps not so bad as that, but—

GEN. Well?

MID. Some men are never satisfied! While others would be if let alone.

GEN. Why, I thought I had the most contented lot of men in America!

MID. So did I.

GEN. Our scale of wages is as high as any, and our men are never idle.

MID. Unless they desire to be!

GEN. We have a few unsteady ones.

MID. You spoil them, sir, by taking them back after their sprees!

GEN. Most of them have families; and the scamps send their wives to plead for them. What can I do?

MID. Some of them don't appreciate your kindness!

GEN. Why, only yesterday I put a man on again at your request. You are just as bad yourself!

MID. His wife and children were on the verge of starvation; the man himself is a good workman, but easily led away by others who do not want to work. I keep my eyes open, General, and I tell you that the man who works steadily and leaves whiskey alone will never cause any trouble. Then we have the foreign element, full of all sorts of sky-rocket ideas.

GEN. Well, I shall be back on Saturday.

MID. I don't apprehend any serious trouble, but if anything *should* happen, how shall I act?

GEN. As you think best, my boy. I have the utmost confidence in the majority of the men, and in you.

MID. I don't like that Hatfield.

GEN. A morose, quarrelsome fellow!

MID. Drinks heavily and ill-treats his wife!

GEN. So I have heard, but she never complains. There are better men in jail!

MID. Where he would have been long ago but for his brother Dan.

GEN. How is that?

MID. In some way, Dan managed to be elected Alderman of his ward, and his pull has saved Michael from the grasp of the law more than once!

GEN. Disgraceful! How can such things be allowed!

MID. They happen every day, and these are the very men who sow the seed of dissension where the workingman seems the most contented!

GEN. Such action is criminal!

MID. This is a free country.

GEN. It can't long remain so if such scamps are allowed to do as they please!

MID. I wish we were rid of him!

ENTER MICHAEL HATFIELD, R. U.

GEN. Where is this Michael Hatfield now?

HATFIELD. Right here! That's me, Michael Hatfield!

MID. I told you to wait until I ascertained if General Burleigh would see you!

HAT. He's got to see me!

MID. You had better be civil!

HAT. I don't have to be; we've got the power and we're going to use it!

GEN. (*close to him*). You may have the power, my man, and you may be foolish enough to use it; but these are my premises, and while you are here you *must* be civil. (*Looks him squarely in the eye.*)

HAT. Who do you think you are, anyway?

GEN. You know who I am, you know me well enough. I am the owner of those works yonder. For nearly twenty years I have given employment to five hundred people, whether times were good or bad. I have paid them fair wages; those who have been careful own the houses they live in. Many have grown gray in my service. I have never heard a murmur of discontent from any one of them.

HAT. Well, I have!

GEN. Let those who have grievances come to me.

HAT. They sent me to you.

GEN. You are not in my employ, and I refuse to recognize you. From their own lips I will learn the trouble, and rectify it, if it be in my power.

HAT. Settle with me and you settle with all.

GEN. I cannot recognize your authority!

HAT. I see! You think because you have plenty of money you can bully me!

GEN. I have no desire to bully you.

HAT. You bet you won't! You don't know me!

GEN. Yes, I know you very well! I know you to be an idle, shiftless scamp. I know that you take your wife's earnings to buy liquor; and I know that you beat her when she refuses you the money she earns by the sweat of her brow. (*HATFIELD makes as if to strike the GENERAL, who looks squarely at him.*) I am not afraid of you, my man! A bully is always a coward. (*To MIDDLETON.*) I shall not go to Pittsburg to-day. I will see the men, and if they have been wronged in any way the wrong shall be righted at once. (*Up steps.*) Michael Hatfield, you are playing with a double-edged tool. Take my advice, learn how to handle before you attempt to use it!

[EXIT *into house.*]

HAT. (*up to steps, shakes fist at GENERAL*). Learn how to handle it, eh! No, I'll use it so that there won't be many left of you and your kind!

MID. Then where will *you* be, and the rest? No capital, no labor; no labor, no capital. Either way you put it, the one depends upon the other!

HAT. Bah! Where would he be without us? Look at that house! It's worth fifty thousand dollars if it's worth a dollar! Look at his carriages and horses! The servants he keeps. He has a million in the bank if he has a cent.

MID. He invested that much in his business at the start! He has given hundreds of people employment for twenty years. He has spent over three million dollars in improvements, not gin-mills and gambling houses, but libraries, a public park, and neat, clean homes for those who wanted them. Come with me, Michael. (*Goes up, points off R.*) Look at those charming white cottages, nearly three hundred of them! To whom do they belong? With few exceptions, they are owned by the employees of the big factory yonder. Not so very long ago you lived in one of those yourself, and could have owned it had you wished, for you are a clever workman. You haven't behaved very well, Michael, but there's a chance for you yet! Leave drink alone, and go to work like a man! I'll give you all the help I can, and so will General Burleigh, I promise you!

[EXIT, R. 3.]

HAT. (*pause*). Rats! You are in with them, too! You've got a nice fat job, and it pays you to be in with them! I'll lay you out, too, when the time comes, or my name ain't Michael Hatfield. (ENTER PATRICK, R. U. *Goes behind MICHAEL.*) I'll do it if I swing for it! (*Bumps into PATRICK.*)

PATRICK. A swing, is it? How would a merry-go-round suit you? (*Twists him around.*)

HAT. Who the devil are you? (*Scowls.*)

PAT. (*sings*). My name is Patrick Brannigan.

HAT. Well, Mr. Patrick Brannigan, it will pay you to mind your own business.

PAT. That's what I am doing! I am the new gardener here, and I want you to keep off the grass!

HAT. You make me sick!

PAT. It's a way I have!

HAT. It's a way that will get you into trouble!

PAT. And *out* of it!

HAT. So you're the new gardener, eh?

PAT. Yes, and I see there's work for me to do right now.

HAT. What do you mean?

PAT. I mean that there's a weed growing right forninst me that needs pulling up!

HAT. Maybe it's rooted too deep!

PAT. I'd pull it up if the roots came out the other side of the world. It's a way I have.

HAT. You might upset the world!

PAT. It *needs* a shaking up every once in a while.

HAT. (*going*). I wish you joy of your job. (*Crosses R.*)

PAT. I'd rather have your curse than your blessing!

HAT. You may get that yet, if you remain in this house and work for that man.

PAT. Why shouldn't I work for him? He deals squarely by those who deal squarely by him. What more do you want?

HAT. He's a tyrant, like all millionaires!

PAT. And you're a liar, like all bums!

HAT. I've half a mind to— (*As if to strike.*)

PAT. Half a mind, that's *all* ye have!

HAT. Oh, pshaw! What's the use?

PAT. No use at all.

HAT. I'll talk to you some other time!

PAT. That's what all the great fighters do—talk. It's a way they have!

HAT. Bah!

[EXIT, R. U.]

PAT. Baa-hoo! (*Turns L.*) Well, there's the house, and there's the man! I have found a job, and nearly had a fight. Did ever such luck come to any one man in one day? I was ordered to report at once, and I will! (*Rings bell hard.*) Bedad, that'll fetch 'em.

ENTER KITTY *from the house, looks at him.*

KITTY. Did you ring?

PAT. (*aside.*) Did I ring? (*Aside.*) Look at them lips, my mouth's watering already!

KIT. Did you ring, sir?

PAT. Is it the bell, ye mean? Yes, I just gave it a bit of a pull!

KIT. Yes, I heard it.

PAT. Did ye, now? It's good ears ye have!

KIT. Well, sir, I am here!

PAT. Well, stay there! I mean, I wish ye'd stay there awhile, so I might look at ye! (*Aside.*) Ain't she sweet! Did ever such luck come to any one man in one day?

KIT. Monsieur, I can't stay here forever. What is it you wish?

PAT. Well, a kiss would go pretty well as a beginning.

KIT. Monsieur must be joking!

PAT. The devil a joke! Ye asked me what I wanted and I told ye! It's a way I have!

KIT. If you don't behave yourself, monsieur, I will call Antonio!

PAT. Call your Aunt Onio! Well, if she is as good-looking as yerself, trot her out!

KIT. Antonio is the butler, and he's very strong.

PAT. The butter is very strong? I am sorry for that, as I am going to live here awhile.

KIT. I said the *butler*, monsieur. And he will chastise you for your rudeness.

PAT. (*Laughs.*)

KIT. What amuses you, monsieur?

PAT. You're so funny! (*Laughs.*)

KIT. (*stamps*). I see nothing very funny in a good beating!

PAT. Beating, is it? Listen and I'll tell ye a secret! (*Whispers in her ear loudly.*) There's no ten macaroni-eaters enjoying the best of health could whip one Irishman, even if he was sea-sick!

KIT. The conceit of the man!

PAT. It's a way I have. Now, bring on your rope and twine O, and I'll make a bowknot of the two Dago legs of him!

KIT. Well, he's better-looking than you, anyway. His *imperial* is simply magnificent!

PAT. His what?

KIT. His imperial!

PAT. Oh, yes! Ye mane the goat whiskers! But there, I'll spare his life on one condition.

KIT. Pooh!

PAT. Just one kiss and he's safe!

KIT. Monsieur, I am not a coquette!

PAT. But you're a woman. (*She stamps her foot and turns to go.*) There, don't run away. I know we're not very well acquainted as yet, so I'll give ye a chance some other time! Now I'll introduce myself.

KIT. Oh, I know you well enough already!

PAT. I improve on acquaintance!

KIT. Perhaps. (*Shrugs shoulders.*)

PAT. A month from now and ye won't want me out of your sight!

KIT. The idea!

PAT. Good idea! Book it! Well, I'll not keep you in sus-

pense any longer, for I know you're just dying to find out who I am!

KIT. Nothing under a fireman or a major-domo has any interest for me.

PAT. A fireman or a major dummy. Well, I am no dummy, but I'm full of fire. Now, couldn't you be content with the man who plays the hose on the crow-cusses and the daffy-down-dillys?

KIT. A gardener—only a gardener! (*Shrugs shoulders.*)

PAT. Only a gardener! Well, I'm young yet! But I'm an Irishman, with the blood of the Brannigans flowing through me aqueducts, and that's equal to saying I might yet die the Boss of Tammany Hall.

KIT. (*laughs*). Well, I cannot be angry with you, you are so very droll!

PAT. It comes natural, like the measles.

KIT. Well, who are you?

PAT. My name is Patrick Brannigan! I am the new gardener, and I was ordered to report for duty to-day!

KIT. Why didn't you say so before?

PAT. Ye didn't give me the chance! Ye talked that quick!

KIT. Well, the General is in the library. Follow me and I'll show you the way. (*Turns to go.*)

PAT. Lead on! I'll follow ye, even if ye takes me into the divorce court. (*KITTY laughs, and exit into house.*) Did ever such luck come to any one man in one day?

[EXIT *into house.*]

ENTER NANETTE, R. U., *as though strolling. Few bars soft, "In Old Madrid."*

NANETTE. What a beautiful home is mine, and how happy I am! I will cease thinking of the past! Why should I think of it, why look on the stony roadway I have left behind, when the path on which I now tread is bright with flowers? After long illness, convalescence is very sweet. (*Sits on bench, L.*)

ENTER GENERAL *from the house.*

GEN. Ah, Nanette, you are out early to-day!

NAN. And why not, sir? I am scarcely an old woman yet, though not quite so childish as your late partner's widow, Mrs. Dalroy.

GEN. Flora is quite attractive, is she not?

NAN. Robert, you will not think me foolish, but do you know, I am just a little jealous of this attractive little widow!

GEN. Nonsense! Nonsense! Jealous of Flora Dalroy! Why, I look upon her as a daughter. (*Laughs.*)

NAN. Don't laugh, Robert. I know it is not in your nature to love as do we, the children of a warmer clime, but you seem so cold, so undemonstrative, while I—why, you seem to be a part of my very life, Robert!

GEN. The idea of an old married lady like yourself talking such nonsense!

NAN. Are my eyes less bright, has all my beauty departed, you cruel man, that you give me so little of your society?

GEN. My dear, I have been very busy lately. Certain details closely connected with my late partner's investments required serious attention, and since her return from Europe Flora has given much of her time to business. She is a clever girl, I assure you!

NAN. Take care she does not too readily learn the verb "to love." (*GENERAL shakes his head.*) Ah! do not shake your head, sir. You military men are very careless, and some ladies are very susceptible! But let us drop the subject. Do you remember what day this is?

GEN. Certainly. Tuesday, is it not?

NAN. Oh, Robert, is that all?

GEN. What else can it be? (*Sits.*)

NAN. This is the anniversary of our wedding day, and I have invited all the village people to the lawn and orchard for wine, cake and music.

GEN. Beer and noise! You should have given me warning, Nanette.

NAN. Why, you have often told me to act for myself in such matters, and now you are vexed. Let me kiss those frowns away. (*Attempts to kiss him.*)

GEN. (*looks around*). Another time! You might be seen, and you know how I hate publicity! (*Rises and moves toward door.*) -

NAN. Robert?

GEN. Well!

NAN. Pardon me, nothing. I will not detain you! (*EXIT GENERAL into house.*) The anniversary of our wedding, and he passes it by unheeded. He seems nervous, unsettled. Is it possible he can have learned to love her? No, no! Of what am I thinking! He could not be so base! I must banish such thoughts, ere I live once more in the old days, the memory of which is burned into my brain with letters of fire.

[*EXIT into house.*]

ENTER FLORA, *followed by* MIDDLETON, R. 2.

FLORA (*laughing, turns and bows*). Thank you, thank you so much, Mr. Middleton. I shall never forget your heroic deed—never. But there, I ought not to detain you a moment longer. This is one of your busy days, I know! (*Sits L.*)

MID. If you could only let me know when you are likely to return. I think I could manage to——

FLO. Escort me past that terrible animal! No; you are very good, but I will not trespass on your time. Besides, my carriage will call for me! But tell me, Mr. Middleton, why should a common, every-day goat inspire me with such dread?

MID. But this one is not a common, every-day goat! He is a most noted warrior, victor in a hundred fights, and the terror of every woman and child for miles around!

FLO. Well, you didn't seem the least bit afraid of him, and if there is anything in this world I do admire it is bravery!

MID. Oh, there was very little bravery in what I did!

FLO. Oh, yes, there was! Why, do you know, as we passed his Lordship he glared at us so ferociously that I could almost feel myself being thrown into the air to a fearful height. I trembled like a leaf, while you were as cool as the proverbial cucumber. I do not believe you are afraid of anything.

MID. Oh, yes, I am!

FLO. *You afraid?* Of what? Tell me, do tell me! (*Looks up at him coquettishly.*)

MID. You wouldn't care to know.

FLO. You are mistaken, sir. (*Rises.*) In me behold the most frightfully inquisitive woman of the twentieth century!

MID. Horrible!

FLO. Horrible, but true! Now, then, tell me of what are you most afraid?

MID. The prettiest woman I know!

FLO. How nice! (*Sits.*)

MID. Nice, perhaps, but dangerous!

FLO. Dangerous! Why?

MID. Because, when I am near her I am almost afraid she can hear the tumultuous beating of my heart!

FLO. (*aside*). Tumultuous is good!

MID. I tremble lest she should guess my secret and laugh at my presumption.

FLO. Why, is she such a frightful flirt?

MID. How can she help it, surrounded as she is by admirers from morning till night!

FLO. Is she rich?

MID. Painfully!

FLO. (*laughs*). Sensible?

MID. Bright as a dollar fresh from the mint!

FLO. (*aside*). Isn't he sweet! (*To MIDDLETON.*) Then depend upon it, she realizes that her money is the powerful magnet, and so steels her heart against all comers.

MID. Report says no!

FLO. Indeed! So there *is* a favorite?

MID. Rich, young and handsome!

FLO. A magnificent combination! Anything else?

MID. What more can she ask?

FLO. Truth! honor! courage! What if she despises an idler and admires the man who is bold, clever and ambitious?

MID. Even though he be poor? (*FLORA is trying to button her glove.*)

FLO. (*sighs*). Poor! A woman is very foolish to marry a poor man!

MID. Only a lunatic would do such a thing!

FLO. Unless——

MID. Unless——

FLO. Unless she were rich!

MID. And then——

FLO. And then——

MID. And then, no man of honor would think of asking her! (*Raises hat and turns to go.*)

FLO. Mr. Middleton! (*He turns.*) Would you be so good as to button my glove?

MID. Certainly! (*Tries to button it, then kneels, presses hard and pinches her wrist. She cries out.*)

FLO. Oh! How awkward you are, Mr. Middleton! You hurt me terribly!

MID. I am very sorry, I assure you! Can I do anything to help you?

FLO. Nothing! Ah! (*sighs*) if one were only a child again!

MID. What then?

FLO. Mr. Middleton, were you ever a child?

MID. I believe so.

FLO. Why, of course you were! (*Aside.*) He's nothing but a big baby now. (*To him.*) Well, sir, when you were a child and got hurt what did your mother do?

MID. (*laughs*). I won't be positive, but it seems to me she generally whipped me for getting hurt!

FLO. I don't believe a word of it! No, sir! She kissed the spot to make it well.

MID. (*still holding her hand*). Yes, that's just what she did.

FLO. Now you can understand why I sighed to be a child again!

MID. Quit your sighing, then. (*Kisses her wrist.*)

FLO. (*snatches her hand away*). Mr. Middleton, you are not my mother!

MID. I wish I was! That is, I wish you were my mother! (*Rises.*) No, hang it! I don't mean that, either. Excuse me, I must go! (*Turns R.*)

FLO. Mr. Middleton!

MID. Mrs. Dalroy!

FLO. Do you think (*pause*)—do you *think*—

MID. Sometimes.

FLO. Why, certainly! Of course, you do! Let me see, what was I going to say? Oh, yes, I remember now! If you should see my coachman on your way to the works, kindly tell him I shall not need the carriage!

MID. Certainly! (*Turns to go.*)

FLO. As I may walk home by the *upper* road!

MID. Very well! (*Turns to go.*)

FLO. *By the upper road, about ten o'clock!*

MID. I won't forget!

[EXIT, R. U.]

FLO. Now I suppose that man will be bold enough to think I meant that as an invitation to see me home! Some men are so terribly impulsive they simply jump at conclusions! (*Pause; looks after MIDDLETON.*) I wonder if he has sense enough to jump! (*Turns to go into the house, meets NANETTE, who enters from house.*)

NAN. Why, Flora, you are early!

FLO. I had nothing else to do; and really, I seem like one possessed! I can't keep still a minute!

NAN. I think I can tell you what is the matter. (*Sits L.*)

FLO. Please do! (*Sits near her.*) There is my hand, now tell my fortune!

NAN. (*docs not take her hand*). You are in love!

FLO. And I didn't know it. How funny!

NAN. Mr. Middleton came with you, did he **not**?

FLO. Yes; he has just gone.

NAN. He is a splendid fellow!

FLO. Is he not?

NAN. Well educated, talented, good-looking!

FLO. But poor as a rat!

NAN. Why need you look for wealth?

FLO. My dear, do you mean to insinuate that I am in love with Mr. Middleton?

NAN. No; but I know that he worships you!

FLO. Your husband's superintendent! Do you want to make me the laughing stock of the civilized world?

NAN. That should not weigh in the balance if——

FLO. If——

NAN. If you love him!

FLO. You take it for granted that I do!

NAN. I wish it were so, but I fear it is not!

FLO. Why fear?

NAN. I fear that your heart has gone out to one who cannot, must not, return your affection.

FLO. Really, Nanette, you are both enigmatical and unkind. What do you mean?

NAN. Read your own heart and find the answer.

FLO. My dear Nanette, if you will be so good as to explain!

NAN. Your innocence would be refreshing if it did not so nearly affect my own happiness. Mr. Middleton loves you, you encourage his attentions. One word from you and he would ask you to become his wife!

FLO. You forget, Nanette, Mr. Dalroy has been dead less than two years. Besides, I don't wish to marry again, at least just yet!

NAN. I know it, because under present circumstances you cannot marry the man you prefer.

FLO. Nanette! What do you mean?

NAN. What if I were to die, would you profit by my death or not? For a long time past I have watched your every movement; each fawning, tender glance of your innocent (?) eyes; nothing has escaped me! Think you I believe in your well-assumed innocence? Young as you are, your powers of dissimulation are superb and deceive all but myself! I know your secret. You do not wish to marry because you love—my husband!

FLO. (*angrily*). Your accusation is false! You know it is false! I respect and admire General Burleigh as any woman may esteem a good man. To me he is more than a father, in that he has done for me a father's duty without a father's obligation. After what has passed between us, friendship is impossible. So ungenerous a suspicion is unworthy the wife of such a man as General Burleigh. (*Crosses R.*)

NAN. You act your part well. Your rehearsals have been frequent and full, no doubt. I tell you again, you do not deceive me. You love him! But beware how you come between us! Trample on my right to his love as a wife, win but one glance

of unholy affection from him, and I will sweep you from my path as the wind sweeps yonder leaf! (C.)

FLO. That you are capable of so doing I have not the slightest doubt. Depend upon it, I shall soon remove any cause, just or unjust, for such an action on your part by leaving you in the undisputed possession of your husband's devotion! Madame, I bid you good-morning. [EXIT, R. 2.]

NAN. What have I done? I must have been mad! He will hear of it and despise me. I will speak to her. Flora! No, I will not humble myself. She would not understand! I will control my feelings. Perhaps I wrong him! I have judged him by my own illimitable love, the undying devotion that finds its place in woman's heart alone and makes her life a blessing or a curse. (*Sits L.*)

ENTER LOUISE *from house; runs R.*

LOUISE. Flora! Flora. (*She is eating bread, and her face is daubed with jam.*)

NAN. Louise!

LOUISE. Mamma!

NAN. Come here, my darling!

LOUISE. I did not see you, mamma. (*Crosses L.*)

ENTER KITTY *from house.*

KIT. Ah, there you are, you naughty girl! I have been searching for you everywhere! Madame, a strange old gentleman has just arrived. He seems quite friendly with the General, whom he has not seen for several years!

NAN. What name?

KIT. I did not quite catch the name, though he is Doctor something or other. (*Turns to go.*) They are coming this way.

NAN. You may go.

KIT. Come, Louise.

[EXIT KITTY and LOUISE, L. 2.]

NAN. There is no help for it, I must meet them now! Why do I tremble? What means this strange presentiment of coming evil? (*Soft music.*)

ENTER GENERAL and BEAUPLAN *from house.*

GENERAL (*points right*). Very fine, indeed. The view, how-

ever, just beyond that eminence is grander still! (*Sees NANETTE.*) Ah, Beauplan, allow me! Nanette, Monsieur Beauplan! Beauplan, my wife! (*Both bow.* NANETTE starts as she hears the name; as she looks at him he starts slightly.)

BEAU. Your wife? You said your wife?

GEN. Certainly, my wife! Why, what on earth do you mean, Beauplan?

BEAU. Pardon me, my dear General, my eyes are not what they used to be. I fancied I detected a striking resemblance to a lady named—er—the name escapes me for the moment, whose fate lies enshrouded in mystery.

GEN. My wife's name was L'Estrange

BEAU. Ah! Hers was Dumaire!

GEN. Beauplan, oblige us by relating this little mystery. (*Sits R.*)

BEAU. Certainly! It is not, however, a pleasant story, and madame might find it tedious!

NAN. No, no! Monsieur, pray proceed! (*Sits L.*)

BEAU. (*bows*). Some ten years ago my researches into the medicinal properties of tropical plants led me to Martinique, one of the French West India Islands. After a residence of some months I was on the eve of return, my passage taken in the next homeward-bound vessel, when my services as an expert in poisons were called into requisition. A wealthy gentleman had died under circumstances deemed strange by his attending physician. A critical analysis proved to me that his suspicions were not unfounded. M. Dumaire had been poisoned! (*NANETTE, somewhat perturbed, finds BEAUPLAN'S eyes fixed upon her and instantly recovers.*) Madame, you are ill! Shall I cease?

NAN. No, no! Pray go on, monsieur. A very terrible, but a most interesting case.

BEAU. A judicial inquiry led to the arrest of his wife, but by a flaw in the evidence, some said by bribery, for she was immensely rich, madame was acquitted. She disappeared. She may be dead. Be that as it may, from that day to this she has never been seen.

NAN. You speak as though you believe her guilty, M. Beauplan! Should you not give her the benefit of the doubt, when a court of law was undecided?

BEAU. At the time I did! Her youth and beauty won me, perhaps. Since then, however, fresh evidence has transpired which precludes all possibility of doubt regarding her guilt!

NAN. And this evidence, monsieur, from whom was it procured?

BEAU. From a man who left the island only two weeks pre-

vious to the death of M. Dumaire, and who did not return until some months after that tragic event! He was a chemist's assistant, by name Michael Hatfield.

NAN. Michael Hatfield!

GEN. He used to be in my employ!

BEAU. And whom, by a strange coincidence, I met here this very day!

NAN. Here! To-day! Why—you—he! Yes, yes, as you say, a strange coincidence. General Burleigh, Robert! Do you not see that I am faint, that Monsieur Beauplan's strange story has unnerved me! A glass of water!

GEN. No, wine! In a moment! (*To BEAUPLAN.*) My friend, you have missed your true vocation. Your story was most dramatic!

BEAU. And you never heard it before?

GEN. Never, I assure you!

[*EXIT into house.*]

BEAU. And you, madame?

NAN. Why, no, Monsieur Beauplan! How should I?

BEAU. And this Michael Hatfield? His name is also unknown to you?

NAN. (*angrily*). Monsieur, why this strange insistence? Be good enough to leave me! Your remarks are impertinent!

BEAU. Have a care, Madame Burleigh! Your life is in my hands. Within twenty paces of this spot there stands the man whose very name you say is unknown to you. Shall I call him?

NAN. Monsieur Beauplan, let me pass!

BEAU. Do not defy me. I know you to be Madame Dumaire! Consent to leave this man you have so basely deceived and I will keep your secret! Refuse, and I must denounce you!

NAN. Monsieur, I tell you, you are mistaken!

BEAU. And I tell you I am not mistaken! You are Madame Dumaire, and I insist upon your leaving this place.

NAN. Stand aside, monsieur, or I will call my husband!

BEAU. One moment, and you shall! (*Calls R.*) Hatfield! Hatfield! Come here a moment!

ENTER HATFIELD, R. 3. BEAUPLAN, C. NANETTE, L.

BEAU. I want to ask you a few questions! Some years ago you were employed by a chemist named Duplin, in the Island of Martinique, were you not?

HAT. You know I was, so what's the use of asking?

BEAU. Do you remember the Dumaire murder case?

HAT. Well, I ought to!

BEAU. You supplied the information as to a certain poison

purchased from you by Madame Dumaire a short time before the—murder, did you not?

HAT. What's the matter? Are you going to try the case all over again?

BEAU. Never mind that; the man was poisoned, and by his wife.

HAT. Maybe he was, maybe he wasn't. Anyway, he deserved it. He treated her like a dog.

BEAU. Would you recognize the lady if you met her?

HAT. I never forget a face!

BEAU. Look well, then. Have you ever seen this lady before? Remember it is years since you last saw her. Do you not recognize the woman who was accused of her husband's murder?

HAT. (*crosses, pauses, looks hard at her*). No! I never saw this lady before in all my life!

GENERAL *appears on steps, glass of wine in hand.*

BEAUPLAN, R.

NANETTE, C.

CURTAIN.

ACT II.

SCENE.—*A smoking-room. Heavy curtains D. L., or curtains R.*

KITTY *peeps through curtains, sniffs two or three times.*

KITTY. Phew! It's enough to make one sick! Tobacco! Nothing but tobacco! pipes! cigars! cigarettes! Ah, these men! They say the ladies are so extravagant. There is my cousin, the rich baker. He tells his wife ten times a day that she will make him a beggar! This bonnet ten dollars, that dress twenty-five. The mean little miser, he forgets that such things last weeks and *sometimes* months! There he stands, looking as cross as a bear, a cigar sticking in his mouth, always a cigar in his mouth except when he eats. (*Takes a cigar from box, puts it in her mouth.*) Puff! puff! There goes ten cents! Puff! puff! There's another ten cents, and so on all day long! Puff! Gone! Where? Ugh! the miserable, selfish brute!

ENTER ANTONIO, D. L. F., and stands looking at her. She throws the cigar and strikes him in the face, though without seeing him.

ANTONIO. Ouch!

KIT. What do you want here?

ANTO. (*rolling eyes*). You—you, mamselle!

KIT. I came here to get rid of you all! Can't you leave me alone a minute?

ANTO. (*rolling eyes*). Mamselle, when you are alone, I too am alone!

KIT. (*shivers*). Don't do that.

ANTO. What, mamselle?

KIT. Don't roll your eyes like that. You make me think you are going to die.

ANTO. Mamselle, I am dying (*pause*) for love of you. (*Business with eyes.*)

KIT. Don't! (*Shivers.*) Please don't twist your eyes so. Some day they will stay that way.

ANTO. Magnificent creature, will you not be mine. (*Kneels.*) See! at your feet I cast the treasure of my love. (*Business with eyes.*)

ENTER PATRICK, D. R.

PAT. I thought so. (*Puts KITTY out of way and stands in front of ANTONIO.*)

ANTO. Ah, mamselle! you have entwined my heart in the meshes of your golden hair.

[PATRICK points to his own hair, deep red.

PAT. (*aside to KITTY*). Don't mind him; he's color blind.

ANTO. (*takes PATRICK's hand*). Forever could I imprint kisses upon this dainty little hand. (*Kisses PATRICK's hand.*)

PAT. (*aside to KITTY*). Will I hit him over the left ear with this other dainty little hand?

ANTO. Be mine. Upon you I have bestowed the untold wealth of this, my first, my virgin love.

PAT. An' him (*aside to KITTY*) kissing the cook only ten minutes ago!

ANTO. Speak, mamselle! Tell me I have not loved in vain! Speak but a word! I listen!

PAT. Well, shut your mouth and open your eyes, an' I'll show you something will make you wise. (*ANTONIO springs to his feet.*)

ANTO. Monsieur, you?

PAT. That same an' no other. Would you like a lock of this golden hair?

ANTO. Bah!

PAT. Would you like to kiss this other lily-white hand?

ANTO. Bah!

PAT. (*as ANTONIO starts to go*). You and your virgin love, go downstairs and kiss the co-hook.

ANTO. (D. L.). Bah!

[PATRICK *makes for him, and he EXITS quick*, D. L.]

KIT. Monsieur, you have made a dangerous enemy. He will kill you.

PAT. What, that? That toothpick kill me!

KIT. He is an *expert* with the *sword*.

PAT. And I'm the *divil* with the *shillelah*.

KIT. You are very cruel to him. Poor Antonio, he loves me so much!

PAT. I'll have no rivals!

KIT. Rivals?

PAT. Shure! I'm sweet on ye myself, ye're that cute.

KIT. (*shyly*). Monsieur!

PAT. Besides, you'd not want a man who'd kiss the cook an' yourself as well inside the space of ten minutes!

KIT. Monsieur, you must be mistaken! Antonio has never loved any other girl but me!

PAT. And do ye call that big, fat, red-faced old divil a girl? Now listen, an' I'll tell ye—this was the way of it: The General sent me to tell the old cook that there would be no one here to dinner this evening; the door being open, I walked in quiet-like, an' there right forninst my very eyes was your bold Antonio with one arm around the old cook's waist, just like this. (*Aside.*) Did ever such luck come to any one man in one day? (*To KITTY.*) An' then he gives her a smack right on the mouth, just like this! (*Kisses her.*)

ANTO. (*at door, L.*), Bah!

[PATRICK *chases him off, and EXITS after ANTONIO.*]

KIT. Well, I couldn't know more about it if I had been there.

ANTO. (*outside*). Oh! oh! oh!

KIT. Mercy, he will kill him! He will kill him! (*Rushes off, L.*)

ENTER ANTONIO, R. 3, *flourishing sword*; *dashes through D. L. F.*

ENTER PATRICK, R. 3, *with shillelah.*

PAT. Where is he? Show me just one side of him! Give

me just five minutes with the macaroni-eater, and I'll make him think he's the last rose of summer in a thunder storm.

[ANTONIO *appears at window*, PATRICK *stands back to window*. ANTONIO *passes sword apparently through PATRICK'S body*. As he draws the sword out a loud swish is heard. EXIT ANTONIO. PATRICK *shakes himself*.

PAT. That Dago's around somewhere.

[EXIT *cautiously*, L. 3.

ENTER ANTONIO *cautiously*, L. 3.

ANT. Irisha deada! Me killa hime! (*Stands in front of window, makes passes with his sword*.) Blooda! blooda! blooda!

PATRICK ENTERS, *hits him three times with his shillelah on the head*. Each time he does this make noise with racket, outside.

PAT. (*each time he strikes*). Take-a! Bromo! Seltzer!

[EXIT PATRICK, D. L. F. At each blow ANTONIO *shivers*; at the third he *falls*.

ANTO. Irisha not deada! Can't kill Irisha, too tougha!

[Commences to get up. PATRICK *puts his head in R. 3 and yells*. ANTONIO *does funny exit L. 3, head over heels, if possible*. PATRICK *looks after him and grins*.

PAT. If that don't give him a headache for a month, I'm not the son of me father! Hurrah for the shamrock and the shillelah.

ENTER BEAUPLAN D. R., *evening dress*. Takes a cigar from box, lights it, sits R.

BEAU. Not ten minutes in the house ere I discover a secret, a woman, too. Well, why should I spare her? Did she spare me? Years have passed since last we met, Madame Burleigh, but the memory of your mocking laughter rings in my ears as though it were but yesterday. You despised me then. Will you despise me now?

ENTER KITTY L., *quickly, looks back L.*

KIT. I can do nothing with them! They intend to fight a real

duel, and all about me! How nice! (*Sees BEAUPLAN, turns to go.*)

BEAU. One moment, my dear. Do not run away. I will not eat you up. (*KITTY opens her eyes and tosses her head.*) You have lived with madame several years. You know something of her past life?

KIT. (*airishly*). Monsieur is a necromancer, a wizard!

BEAU. We shall see, my dear, we shall see! And now to make you comfortable, sit down, my dear. Sit down. (*KITTY simply places hand on back of chair and looks at him.*) You can tell me nothing of her life previous to her residence in Paris?

KIT. (*dryly*). No, monsieur.

BEAU. Eh, no? I thought not. You would if you could, I am sure. Young ladies always fly to oblige old gentlemen like myself. Well, then, so much is discovered. You can tell me nothing of her past life *before* she went to Paris? It matters little, I know all; but after, my little charmer, *after* she arrived in Paris. I would like to know something of that!

KIT. Monsieur knows all. I know nothing!

BEAU. Full of business, I see, full of business; you would not betray a friend who has provided you with so many luxuries, of which not the least is your present situation.

KIT. Madame is very good to me, but madame is as silent as the grave. She tells me nothing.

BEAU. (*looks at her, then at bill in his hand*). Here, then, we have a bill for ten dollars. (*Holds up the money.*) Good for yards of ribbon, laces and such like. What I would learn from you, you must have seen for yourself. Under what circumstances did madame marry the General?

KIT. Is that all? (*Takes money.*) Monsieur shall know everything. You see, madame was lonely in Paris, for she seldom went out; with plenty of money, diamonds, horses and all, madame was lonely; every day Monsieur le Général passes her house, and Monsieur le Général is handsome; madame loves him even before he is introduced to her. What will not money do, except buy one a clear conscience? By the aid of her riches madame accomplishes her purpose. She is introduced to Monsieur Burleigh, ze General of America!

BEAU. Well, my child, well—

KIT. (*looks in amazement*). Well, that is all!

BEAU. All! You have not explained how the marriage was brought about.

KIT. Madame was introduced to him. That was *enough* for a lady so handsome, so elegant and so rich!

BEAU. Did the General fall in love with her at first sight?

KIT. Ah, never, monsieur, never did he love her as much as she loved him. He admired her, a man must admire a handsome woman who loves him and shows it.

BEAU. Yet he married her?

KIT. Monsieur was very much flattered. Madame was without doubt the handsomest woman in Paris. The Emperor himself remarked what a grand pair they would make.

BEAU. And that settled it, I suppose. (*Aside.*) So my old friend wandered into matrimony as quickly and as aimlessly as a spendthrift glides into debt, and with his trusting nature never paused to inquire who or what she was.

KIT. Madame moved in good society, that is usually sufficient.

BEAU. Good society sometimes covers a multitude of sins, my child, a multitude of sins! (*Turns away and smokes.*)

KIT. (*who has been looking sweetly at the ten-dollar bill*). If Monsieur requires any more information about madame?

BEAU. You can tell me no more. (*KITTY about to EXIT.*) And, my dear (*she turns quickly*), your visits are like those of a popular physician; they cost too much. (*Waves her out.*)

[EXIT KITTY, *pouting* D. L.]

BEAU. Humph! The wrench will not be so great as I expected when I tell him who and what this woman is. I *must* speak, for he has demanded an explanation. Besides, my friendship for him antedates my knowledge of her identity. What a change has taken place; at first I thought I was mistaken. The young, shrinking girl has blossomed into a magnificent woman. Well, well, I did not seek revenge; it has been thrust upon me.

ENTER NANETTE, D. L. 3, *in superb evening dress*. Glances quickly around, then approaches BEAUPLAN. Recognizing her presence, he rises, bows and motions her to lounge, L.

BEAU. Madame, at your service!

NAN. (*stands* L. C.). I have awaited this opportunity, M. Beauplan, in order that I might ascertain what steps you intend taking in this matter. I will not deny—why should I—that I am, or rather *was*, the wife of M. Dumaire. Does that relationship constitute a crime? Is it because this man was poisoned that I am the criminal? Tried and acquitted before a competent tribunal, am I to live through my misery again because you know the history of my bitter experience?

BEAU. I must be true to my friend, madame!

NAN. Once you called yourself *my* friend!

BEAU. Can *you* recall the past, the days when but to listen to you was happiness beyond compare? (*Aside.*) Fool that I am,

her voice has power to move me still! (*To NANETTE.*) Yes, madame, you are right. Once I was your friend, your slave. You knew I loved you, and you scorned my love.

NAN. Forgive me, I did not know. How could a child of sixteen fathom the depths of a strong man's love?

BEAU. I asked for love; you gave me scorn.

NAN. No, no, never that. I was young and untaught. Your repeated attempts to win my heart became wearisome to me, but believe me, I was sorry for you.

BEAU. You pitied me?

NAN. It was all I had to give. Oh! man, if you ever loved me, have mercy. Let the memory of that love blot out the past. If *you* speak, what proof have *I* that I am innocent? My safety, my happiness, my life are in your hands. This man, this Michael Hatfield, did not recognize me. You alone know aught of my unhappy past. Be silent, and upon my knees (*kneels*) I will thank you; upon my knees every night I will pray for you, and in my thoughts hold you second only to my God.

BEAU. Rise, madame. Do not tempt me. It is useless, I dare not yield!

NAN (*rises*). You would betray a weak and persecuted woman?

BEAU. Madame Burleigh, if the evidence that has since transpired left any doubt as to the part you enacted in that tragic scene, you should have the benefit of that doubt. But doubt there is none, and I must warn General Burleigh, if friendship hath in it aught but a sounding name!

ENTER GENERAL, D. L. F.

NAN. Oh, spare me! Even though I was the indirect cause of my husband's death, consider my youth, my unhappy life, his taunts and insults, his vile attacks upon my good name: think of the blows he showered upon me, marks of which I still bear. (*She thinks he is relenting and takes his hand.*) Ah, you will not be so unmerciful, so ungenerous, as to betray me!

BEAU. (*much agitated*). I cannot! I dare not! In shielding you I betray my friend. Leave me, madame, leave me! It is impossible!

GEN. (*down C., BEAU. R.*) It is impossible!

NAN. (*down L.*). Robert! (*Crosses C.*)

GEN. I have heard all. I understand everything. The mystery puzzles me no longer. This woman, who had no other way out of her troubles but the path that leads to a fearful crime, this Madame Dumaire, who by a miracle almost, *escaped from*

the law, is none other than Nanette L'Estrange, the woman I made my wife!

BEAU. (*aside*). I could not save her, even if I would. Oh, most unhappy woman! [EXIT R. I.]

NAN. Listen to me, Robert, I implore you; do not condemn me unheard!

GEN. What explanation can you give that shall excuse your crime? Speak on. I will not judge until I have heard the story of your unhappy past. [*Sits R. and shades face with hand.*]

NAN. (*stands L. C.*). I was born in the Island of Martinique, my father a Frenchman, my mother a Spaniard. From her I inherited a nature at once passionate and loving. While yet a girl my mother died. My father's love for her was intense; nothing could console him; his business suffered by his neglect. I was scarcely seventeen, when one day he called me to him and told me that ruin stared him in the face unless I consented to marry a man I despised! I was young, had seen little of the world. I idolized my father. I consented; I became the wife of M. Dumaire. Alas! my sacrifice was of no avail; my father died a few months after my marriage. From the first my husband was insanely jealous! I know it now, I did not know it then, he must have been mad. For six months I endured a martyrdom of blows and curses. I suffered in silence, I told my woes to none. (*Pause.*) The end came. I determined to die. From a chemist's assistant named Hatfield I obtained a small quantity of a poison at once deadly and but little known. It was our habit to drink wine at almost every meal. That very day at dinner I determined to end my misery. That very day his brutality reached its height; he had seen me speaking to his nephew, whom he had long regarded with jealous aversion. His anger knew no bounds; his face was the face of a devil. I was paralyzed with fear, he thought it guilt. In his hand he held a heavy riding-whip. Frothing at the mouth, he approached me. I retreated. He followed, beating me until, breathless, he staggered into the chair I had but lately occupied. Before him stood my glass of wine untouched, the glass which contained the draught of death. Fascinated, I watched him raise it to his lips. Like lightning the thought flashed through my brain, why should I die while such a wretch exists? A word from me meant life to him. That word was never spoken; I seemed unable to move. Rooted to the spot, I watched him drain it to the very dregs; then, faint and almost dazed with pain, I sought my room and slept. I slept for hours, and when I awoke the man who once had called me wife—was dead!

GEN. Dead!

NAN. The rest you know!

GEN. Your strength was sorely tried, yet what can excuse a crime like yours? Why did you not fly from your unhappy life, take refuge in another land? *Who* could have refused you shelter? *None* would have denied you justice. Your own act has placed a barrier between us. What man can cherish in his heart a being who has taken human life? Of your fearful act no one shall know through me. It shall be my duty to see that you never lack for ample means. You are still young, and will live to make atonement for your sin. Farewell, Nanette!

NAN. (*kneels and takes his hand*). Have mercy, my husband! Robert, have mercy! Think of my youth, the wild blood that courses through my veins, how I was driven almost to the verge of madness! Above all, remember how I have loved you!

GEN. (*releases hand, goes D. L. F.*). From the depths of my heart I pity you, yet must we live our lives apart. Between us lies your murdered husband's grave! [EXIT D. L.]

NAN. (*on knees for a moment, sobbing, then rising*). The end has come! O God! the end has come! My heart seems turning into stone. Gone all my dreams of happiness and love. Lost, all lost! (*Crosses L., sinks on lounge L.*)

ENTER KITTY L. D.

KIT. Madame is ill?

NAN. No, no, Kitty! My husband has learned the secret of my unhappy past. I am no longer his wife. His love for me is dead, and I am to be driven out, driven forth like a dog!

KIT. Madame forgets. Madame is blind. Why does he treat you thus harshly? (*NANETTE shakes her head, then looks at her, half surmising what she is about to say. KITTY speaks pointedly in a low voice.*) If he loved you, madame, your unhappy past would be as nothing to him. But you stand in his path; as your husband, monsieur is fettered; once free, he will fly to the arms of another.

NAN. (*rising*). You mean——

KIT. Mrs. Dalroy.

NAN. I know it! I have suspected it! You, too, have observed how tender his voice becomes when he speaks to her. So, mon Général, you would remove me in order that you may be free. Never! I swear it! (*Crosses down L.*) Leave me. I must have time to think. (EXIT KITTY, L. 3.) This is the end of all! He loves me no more! The shadow of my unhappy past separates us forever! Once more I am alone—alone!

ENTER LOUISE, *stands D. L. F.*

LOUISE. Can I come in, mamma?

NAN. (*starts up*). Louise, my child! I had forgotten her!
(LOUISE *comes down*, NANETTE *embraces her passionately*.)

LOUISE. I have been looking for you everywhere. Why do you look at me so strangely?

NAN. Do not ask me, little one! You are too young to understand!

LOUISE. I am nearly five years old! (*Crosses to chair*.)

NAN. (*aside*). They will try to keep her from me, but she is mine as well as his; and yet I fear to speak, lest I learn she loves him better than her mother. What can I say to her that she will understand? Louise, my dearest, listen to me. (NANETTE *on her knees*, LOUISE *in chair*.) Mamma is going away, dear, going away forever.

LOUISE. And papa and Louise, too?

NAN. Not papa nor Louise. I am going away alone, all alone, and you will never see me again!

LOUISE. I won't let you go! Papa won't let you go!

NAN. He has sent me away. He does not love me, he does not want me any more.

LOUISE. Why don't you take me, mamma?

NAN. What would papa say? Don't you love him, too?

LOUISE. Oh, yes, I love him very much. He gives me such lots of pretty things.

NAN. If you were to go with me you would lose all your little playmates, the pony that you love so much; you would leave them all to wander with your mother, forsaken and alone. You would not see your papa any more; he could not kiss you when you went to sleep, and in the morning when you woke you would not see him. My darling, do you understand?

LOUISE. Yes, mamma.

NAN. Long years ago, in a sad, unhappy time, scarce knowing what she did, your mamma made a great mistake, for which she now must suffer. I shall be very lonely, my baby, when I am gone—oh! so far away, with no one to love me. My voice will call for you, my little one, but you will not hear it and mamma's heart will break. (*Rises*.) O God, I cannot, I will not bear this, too! (*Crosses c. To LOUISE*.) Tell me, my darling, will you stay here with papa and all the friends who love you, or will you come with mamma, who has no one to love her, no one but you?

LOUISE (*jumps from chair and rushes to her mother's arms*). I love you best, mamma! Take me with you!

NAN. (*clasps her to her breast*). With me, Louise! Thank God, with me!

CURTAIN.

ACT III.

SCENE.—*A tenement in upper New York. An apartment poorly furnished, bed R. C., old table or closet up R. D. L. F., old chair L. LOUISE discovered on bed. MRS. RYAN at foot of bed.*

MRS. RYAN. An' the doctor hasn't been here yet, ye say?

NAN. No, he did not come yesterday. (*Near head of bed.*)

MRS. R. Nor yesterday? Oh, well, he's that busy; but he's a fine man, my dear, running here and there, night and day, until it's dead he ought to be with the work, work, work, and no thanks from some of them as owes life to him.

NAN. Yes, yes, I know. I do not blame him. If it were not for her I should not care whether I lived or died.

MRS. R. Whist, now! Don't be saying that. It's the fever in ye that's talking. When you and the child's well again you'll cry shame to yourself for saying such things.

NAN. For those who are in my position life has but few charms. You have a husband, friends; you have much to live for.

MRS. R. Your husband's dead, then?

NAN. Yes, dead. (*Aside.*) Dead to me!

MRS. R. Ye feel bad now, but when the little darling is on her feet again, brisk and lively like, sure it'll all look different to ye. There, cheer up now, and I'll be in again to see ye when the child's abed and me old man is sucking comfort out of his old black pipe. "Sweet comfort," he calls it, but it's outside on the fire-escape I puts it when he goes to slape, and sometimes the rain beats on it and sometimes it's covered with snow, but the sniell stays wid it, and there's no getting rid of it except wid a club; but if I did that Mike would get a divorce, and then what would become of me and the childer? (*Going.*) So cheer up, my dear, and remember that there's one thing ye don't have to worry ye, and that is a nasty old black pipe wid a sniell to it strong enough to make ye sea-sick if ye come within speaking distance of it.

[EXIT D. L. F., *leaving door open.*

LOUISE (*faintly*). Mamma! mamma! (*NANETTE has been busy with medicine.*)

NAN. My darling, what is it? Are you in much pain?

LOUISE. I thought you had gone out, and I feel so lonely when you are not here. If I were to die without kissing you good-bye!

NAN. No, my baby, do not say that, you will not die. God would not be so unjust as to take you from me. (*Aside.*) When will he come? Will he ever come again? He has visited her now every day for two weeks without remuneration, and even doctors will not serve forever without recompense. (*Listens.*) Footsteps. His, perhaps!

HAT. (*outside, roughly*). Shut the door, can't you? (*NANETTE starts back.*) How do you suppose a man is to get by in this narrow passage if you keep your door wide open? (*She moves to shut it.*) Can't you shut the door? (*Door closed sharply from outside.*)

LOUISE (*frightened and trying to sit up*). Mamma, who is it? Oh, do not let them kill me, mamma!

NAN. (*soothingly*). Hush, dear, it is nothing; only a rude man closing our door. (*Kisses her. Aside.*) Why should I blame him? Perhaps even he had a kind heart once, now grown hard by reason of the world's rough ways. (*Knock heard.*) He is here at last. Come in.

ENTER DR. DRUCE. *He bows, moves toward cot.*

DOCTOR. The child, how is she?

NAN. No better, I fear.

[*DOCTOR has business; child's pulse, medicine, etc.*]

Doc. She is no better! I regret to say, madame, she is weaker; yet I have done my best. The physician can go only so far. She needs careful watching, but more than all, good nourishment, a change from her present quarters. Need I tell you that this neighborhood is one of the most unhealthy in New York? She requires pure air, madame.

NAN. Certainly. (*Bows, clasps her hands in agony.*)

Doc. I shall hardly be able to come as often as I have, there are so many calls for my services—and—

NAN. You have been paid nothing for your trouble. (*He protests.*) Oh, sir, I know it. I would have died ere I sent for you, but for her sake I forgot my pride. I could not see her die!

Doc. Madame, you have my deepest sympathy, but as I have said, I have so many calls; it is now five nights since I laid down

to sleep. Sickness, poverty, despair I meet at every step. I am very sorry, madame, very sorry. Good day!

NAN. Farewell, monsieur. (*Takes LOUISE's hand in hers.*)

Doc. (*at D. L. F.*). It is very hard. She has evidently seen better days; a lady if there ever was one. I would like to help her, but there are so many, I cannot help all. I work like a beaver, yet have nothing. The child might recover with proper nourishment, and the mother eyes beseech, though pride closes her lips. Pshaw! I must go or I shall make a fool of myself.

[EXIT D. L. F.]

NAN. (*rising*). He is gone. He will not come again, and without his skill and proper nourishment she will die! Cruel, heartless! What do these men care for but money? Else how could they see such suffering without trying to alleviate it? Surely, a just God will call to fearful account those who could save if they would, and yet withhold their help.

LOUISE (*faintly*). Water, mamma! Water!

NAN. Yes, dear one. (*Hands water. Aside.*) She must, she shall live. I will stifle my pride, crush down my own love. My husband believes me dead. I will go to him. He will take her from my arms, but she will live. Though she may never again rest her baby head against her mother's breaking heart, she will live. (*Takes pistol from table drawer, or closet, up R.*) He gave me this two years ago. He said a soldier's wife should know how to use it. He little dreamed that some day it might tempt me to take my own miserable life. But the sight of my darling's face has always given me strength to resist the temptation, but when she has left me and I am alone, what then—O God! what then?

[*She is now standing near foot of bed. Knock is heard*
D. L. F. *She drops pistol hastily on foot of bed and*
throws kerchief over it.

ENTER HATFIELD, D. L. F.

HAT. (*loud voice. Does not look straight at her*). Well, I'm here!

NAN. Please do not speak so roughly. My child is ill, very ill!

HAT. Bah! What's one child more than another? You can pick up a dozen in the gutter below. My brother is sick, so he sent me, you know what for!

NAN. Your rent.

HAT. Three months due to-day!

NAN. If he will only wait until to-morrow, I promise you—

HAT. If he'll only wait until to-morrow, you'll promise nothing. No more promises for him; he wants cash!

NAN. I am very sorry, but I have not enough money to purchase food and medicine for my child. (*Points to cot.*)

HAT. And never will have. Now, look here. He don't intend to wait any longer. There's another party ready to move in right away and pay him a month's rent in advance, and money talks with us!

NAN. Have a little patience. To-morrow, I pledge you my word——

HAT. Pledge your word! That's about all you haven't pledged, by the look of things! Come now, pack up your traps and get out!

NAN. You could not be so cruel! My child would die!

ENTER DOCTOR, *places package near by.*

HAT. That's none of my business!

NAN. Where shall I go?

HAT. To the poorhouse, of course! That's where everybody should go when they can't pay their way. Come now, and I'll help you take your furniture downstairs. (*Laughs.*) Furniture! (*Picks up two chairs, turns to go, sees DOCTOR, who remains in doorway.*) Well, are you going to stay there all day?

Doc. Perhaps.

HAT. Well, just let me by and you can stay here a week if you want to.

Doc. I have no objection to your going.

HAT. Well, why don't you get out of the way?

Doc. I will just as soon as you place those chairs where you found them; not before.

HAT. This woman hasn't paid her rent and I'm putting her out. I have a warrant for what I'm doing.

Doc. With the law on your side, out in the bitter wind that is blowing you would drive this poor woman. Have you forgotten that upon the cot you would thrust into the street there lies a dying child? A warrant for all this infamy, say you?

HAT. Yes, a warrant signed by the Sheriff of New York.

[*Takes papers from pocket and drops one on the floor.*

Doc. (*takes warrant*). If that warrant were signed by the President of the United States they should not go! (*Tears warrant.*) Madame, how much do you owe this man?

HAT. It amounts to——

Doc. Silence! (Then to NANETTE.) Madame—— (Takes out pocketbook.)

NAN. Three months, at six dollars a month.

Doc. There is your money, now go! (Hands money to HATFIELD.)

HAT. See what it is to be a woman, my dear, a young and handsome woman! Ah, doctor, you are a sly rogue! (Turns toward door.) You won't lose anything by it, will you? Ha! ha! ha! She is a good-looker, eh, doctor, and—— (Finds Doctor facing him, sneaks out D. L. F. Doctor closes door quietly, picks up package, hands it to NANETTE.)

Doc. Madame, pardon me. Your child, she is like my own; this wine is the very best; do not refuse it; it will do her good. You love her, you dare not refuse.

NAN. Refuse it, monsieur? No! I accept your gift, and from the depths of my heart I thank you for all you have done for me and mine.

Doc. Do not think us rough and unfeeling; we of the medical profession, believe me, madame, we are sorely tried, yet there are many among us who believe that the only true physician is he who carries with him wherever he goes not only the skill which comes to him through years of toil, endeavor and research, but also the heart of sympathy which comes only from God.

NAN. Ungrateful woman that I am, I have lately doubted the existence of a God. I will doubt never again. (Kneels and kisses his hand.) Never again, monsieur. (Doctor takes away his hand.)

Doc. Do not, madame, I beg of you. (Goes to door.) Adieu, madame, until to-morrow. [EXIT hurriedly, D. L. F.]

NAN. (rising). How I misjudged him! See, Louise, what the good doctor has brought you. Wine, my darling! Wine to make you strong! But that is not all; to-morrow my little girl shall see her papa.

LOUISE. See papa? I am so glad!

NAN. And he will take you from this dreary place to live with him.

LOUISE. And you, mamma?

NAN. And I, Louise? No, he does not want me any more. You may never see me again!

LOUISE (tries to sit up). Then don't let me go, mamma, don't let me go! I should die if you were not there. (Faints.)

NAN. Louise! Louise! Speak to me! Oh, I was mad to speak to her so! It has killed her. (Listens.) No, she breathes! Thank God, she breathes! No time must be lost. I will call

the old woman who watches over her when I am absent, and then speed me on the errand that shall bring life to her and to me the bitterness of everlasting despair. (*Moves toward D. L., sees paper HATFIELD dropped.*) The doctor must have dropped this. No address, no signature. What's this? (*Reads.*) "Tuesday at 7 o'clock, first the house, then the lower mill. B. will be at dinner and can't escape." (*Down stage R. ENTER HATFIELD, looks around cautiously, sees NANETTE, who is still holding the paper, creeps down behind her. NANETTE reads.*) "First the house, then the lower mill. B. will be at dinner!" My God! danger threatens General Burleigh! This must have been dropped accidentally by that man Hatfield! I knew him at once, though he failed to recognize me.

HAT. So you know me, eh? Well, I know *you* now. You used to be the wife of General Burleigh!

NAN. I am still his wife!

HAT. Oh, well, we'll let it go at that! None so blind as those who won't see. There's a pretty little widow visits there often enough, though. Now, give me that paper.

NAN. What if I refuse?

HAT. Well, I'll have to take it from you, that's all! (*NANETTE hands it to him. He looks at it, then at her.*) You know what this means?

NAN. Yes. It means that my husband is in danger of his life!

HAT. I *thought* you knew. Well, what are you going to do about it?

NAN. I shall go to General Burleigh at once and warn him of your infamous plot!

HAT. Oh, no, you won't! You wouldn't leave your dying child. Besides, it would be dangerous for *you*!

NAN. I care not.

HAT. Now, listen to me! You thought I didn't recognize you that day in the garden, didn't you? Well, you were mistaken! I knew you as soon as the doctor spoke! You had changed wonderfully, but I recognized you as the woman who poisoned her first husband in the Island of Martinique.

NAN. You knew me? Then why did you deny it?

HAT. (*laughs*). Well, from no love of you, now I can tell you! What benefit would it have been to me to say I knew you? None at all! To hold my tongue for a time meant money, lots of it. If you had not left your husband you would have been in my power, and you would have paid me handsomely to keep quiet. But that knowledge gives me the winning hand now! Stir one step from this place and I will inform the authorities

who and what you are. What do you say to the deal? Is it silence for silence?

NAN. No!

HAT. You defy me?

NAN. Yes.

HAT. And will tell all you know?

NAN. Everything.

HAT. Then you sign your own death warrant! Where we can't convince, we kill!

NAN. Your threats will not deter me. I *will* go, and at once.

[*Moves up stage. HATFIELD steps between her and door.*]

HAT. Not yet, my lady. You are in my power. Open your mouth to give the alarm and I will strangle you. Now then, what is it, your silence or your life?

NAN. You have my answer. Stand aside, or I will call for help!

HAT. Then call, damn you! Call! (*Locks door quickly and rushes toward her.*)

NAN. (*taking pistol from bed*). Stop! Another step and I will kill you!

CURTAIN.

ACT IV.

SCENE.—*Library (in 3). Upper part of horizon backing. Telegraph pole and wire in 5. Lace curtains bunched R. and L. of window, so as to give good view of pole. Window c., and very large office table in front of window. Telegraph machine on L. of table. KITTY DISCOVERED at table, D. L. 3, D. R. 3.*

KIT. (*taps machine, it ticks*). Tick-a-tick! Monsieur Branigan says it is like a woman's tongue, it goes one hundred to ze minute; it speaks such a funny language. I understand ze French parfaitement, ze English ze little bit, but zis one not at all. (*Taps.*) Tick-a-tick, tick-a-tick! What is zis tick-a-tick? Mon Dieu, it is a funny language! (*Turns to go. Machine ticks itself. KITTY turns quickly.*) It is alive! (*Approaches cautiously, machine ticks.*) Tick-a-tick, tick-a-tick! What is

zat you say? It is not French, it is not English, but tick-a-tick! (*Laughs.*) I do not know it. Monsieur Middleton he speak ze language of ze tick-a-tick. I will call Monsieur Middleton. (*Crosses R. ENTER MIDDLETON, R. 3.*) Monsieur Middleton, ze machine goes tick-a-tick.

MID. The operator at the mill is trying to talk to me. All right. (*Sits at table.*)

KIT. (*aside*). Ze operator at ze mill is trying to talk! I should say he must have ze big voice. The mill is nearly a mile away. (*MIDDLETON answers message.*)

MID. Where is the General?

KIT. He is not yet dressed for dinner, monsieur.

MID. When he comes down give him my excuses. I must meet a gentleman at the mill immediately. (*ENTER FLORA, R. 3. KITTY turns to go.*) And tell them to send round the carriage.

KIT. Ze General's mother has not yet returned from her afternoon drive, monsieur.

MID. Then ask Brannigan to see that my horse is saddled at once.

KIT. Oui, monsieur.

[EXIT L. 3.]

FLO. Why not use my carriage? It is at the door. You can then be back in time for dinner.

MID. I may be detained for an hour or more.

FLO. Well, my carriage can call for you at any time.

MID. That would be trespassing on your goodness.

FLO. Not in the least. The horses need the exercise. And as Mrs. Burleigh has not returned, I should prefer to take the drive.

MID. Did *you* intend to go?

FLO. Certainly! Why not?

MID. Oh, nothing. Nothing at all.

FLO. Of course, if you prefer to go alone, why—— (*Turns away pouting.*)

MID. You misunderstand me. I was afraid that——

FLO. That it might set some of the old chatterboxes to chattering? Well, let them chatter. I am rich enough, young enough and independent enough to care nothing about it. Besides, I would not for the world deprive the dear old magpies of their only pleasure in life.

MID. No, but I hate——

FLO. *Me!* Well upon my word, Mr. Middleton!

MID. Hate you? Why, I would——

FLO. Go through fire and water for me. Oh, yes, I know. They all say that——

MID. But do they mean it?

FLO. Oh, yes. Not because they love *me*, you know, but my bank account. Oh, you men, you men!

MID. Why, you are young enough and pretty enough to——

FLO. (*aside*). He'll propose inside of ten seconds. (*To MIDDLETON.*) You were saying—pardon me, I *almost* forgot myself. (*Aside.*) I wish I had *quite*.

MID. (*aside*). Damn it! if she was not so infernally rich I'd propose to her right now.

FLO. (*aside*). Just my luck! Fine head of steam on, engine running smooth as oil, when zip! bang! train jumps the track.

MID. (*aside*). I came pretty near it that time. (*Whistles.*)

FLO. (*aside*). If this were only leap year, I—I—do believe I'd leap. *He* never will.

MID. I will accept your offer of the carriage, Mrs. Dalroy.

FLO. *Me*, too? (*Aside.*) There's a hint for him.

MID. If you care to go

FLO. (*aside*). If I care. He's as blind as a mole. (*To MIDDLETON.*) Perhaps I shall be in the way. I am such a chatter-box, you know, and you may want to think.

MID. I never think.

FLO. Don't you?

MID. I mean, my thinking can be done later.

FLO. How kind of you! Come, then. (*They turn to go R.*) Mr. Middleton, do you remember the day, about six months ago, you buttoned my glove so very awkwardly?

MID. I shall never forget it.

FLO. Nor shall I. Do you know, the mark is still there? (*Looks at wrist.*)

MID. Impossible! (*Looks at wrist.*) I don't seem to see it.

FLO. It is there, nevertheless. (*Sighs.*) I—don't—think it—will—ever—go away. (*Aside.*) That ought to fetch him.

MID. (*looks at her, puzzled. She looks up at him coquetishly*). Please, please don't look at me in that way, or I shall do something desperate.

FLO. What will you do?

MID. Go and drown myself.

FLO. Is that all?

MID. Is that all?

FLO. I thought you were going to say something far more serious—and probable.

MID. Mrs. Dalroy, I am only a poor devil, just a common mill superintendent to whom you have been very kind, and I don't want to take advantage of that kindness; but if you look at me like that again I shall do something I may be sorry for.

FLO. Mr. Middleton, there are times when it is best to do things we may be sorry for.

MID. You *think* so?

FLO. I *know* so.

MID. Mrs. Dalroy, you don't know everything.

FLO. Not quite everything.

MID. If you knew what I was thinking of just now you would fly from me.

FLO. (*mysteriously*). It wasn't murder?

MID. No.

FLO. Nor suicide?

MID. Pretty near it.

FLO. Robbery!

MID. Yes, that's it, robbery, barefaced out-and-out robbery.

FLO. How terrible!

MID. At any rate, that's what most people would call it, robbery.

FLO. Of course, a great deal depends on *what* you steal—and the *amount*.

MID. I am afraid you don't quite understand.

FLO. I think I do. (*Aside.*) He can get as near to a proposal as any man I ever knew without actually popping.

MID. Allow me to explain.

FLO. Certainly! (*Aside.*) If he can explain without proposing he's a wonder.

MID. Suppose a poor man, like myself, for instance, should be fool enough to fall in love with a lady, young, beautiful and rich.

FLO. Such things have happened.

MID. And suppose he had the impertinence to propose to the lady in question.

FLO. Such impertinence has been known.

MID. What answer could such a man expect from such a woman?

FLO. That would entirely depend upon whether she loved him or not.

MID. Well, does she?

FLO. Does she? If you will kindly let me know who the lady is, I will do my very best to find out the state of her feelings.

MID. Don't you know?

FLO. How should I?

MID. Mrs. Dalroy, I will hesitate no longer. The lady in question is——

ENTER PATRICK, D. L. 3.

PAT. Mrs. Burleigh has returned and the carriage is waiting, sir.

MID. Oh, yes, certainly! Thank you. (*To FLORA.*) You will excuse me, Mrs. Dalroy? (*FLORA bows, MIDDLETON crosses R. Aside.*) One moment more and I should have proposed and, I suppose, made a fool of myself. [EXIT, D. R. 3.]

FLO. (*aside*). One moment more and he would have proposed, and I should have made a fool of myself.

[EXIT, D. L. 3. PATRICK stands C., looking R. then L.]

PAT. There's a couple of funny ducks. [EXIT L. C.]

ENTER KITTY, D. L. 3.

KIT. (*looks around*). Monsieur Gene! And the General will be here in a moment. (*Looks through window C. and calls.*) Monsieur Middleton! He does not hear me. (*Waves hand to him, looks, waves again.*) Why, who can that be? A gentleman. He thinks I wave my hand to him. (*Shrugs shoulders.*) Pooh! (*Looks again.*) Oh, well he not so bad-looking. What's that? He kisses his hand to me—shall I—yes—yes—why not? (*Kisses her hand.*) Oh, ze fun of ze thing. Ze love at first sight. Zees Americans zey do everything so quick. Zey fall in love at ten o'clock, ze marriage at eleven, ze divorce at twelve. He has ze beautiful moustache. (*Kisses hand.* PATRICK has entered during this scene and is now looking over her shoulder.)

PAT. So you're flirting again. (*KITTY commences to dust table with handkerchief she has been waving.*) Oh, ye needn't be trying to throw dust in me eyes. Well, if ye want that gentleman there, it's more than himself ye'll have to take. A man with a wife and six living monuments of conjugal industry.

KIT. What? Married? The wretch!

PAT. Yes, married, poor wretch!

KIT. Oh, well, I was just a-having a little fun. I thought you were dead.

PAT. Having a little fun because you thought I was dead!

KIT. No, no!

PAT. Yes, I know, I know. That's the way with all the women. No sooner is one poor divil under the sod than they're throwing the fly for another. Well, I'm not dead yet, but I came mighty near it once.

KIT. How was that?

PAT. I lived in Philadelphia six months. I was buried alive, and sure, that's next to being dead.

KIT. It was a frightful risk. It is horrible. I feel as if I was going to faint.

PAT. And I feel as if I was going to catch ye. (*She faints in his arms, opens one eye and winks at the audience.*) She loves me, the little devil loves me. Did ever such luck come to any one man in one day? (*Kisses her, she sneezes; he is puzzled.*) Now that's funny. I never heard of a woman sneezing when she was in a faint. It must be a spasmodic contraction of the olfactory nerve. It's a nerve, anyway. (*Kisses her again; she sneezes.*) Here, here, now, you're bluffing me.

[*She flounces away from him.*]

KIT. I like that.

PAT. I thought you did.

KIT. When a lady faints in your arms have you no more sense than to tickle her nose with your great big ugly red moustache? Oh, you brute!

PAT. It's a way I have.

KIT. Antonio would not do that.

PAT. I'd kill Antonio but for one thing.

KIT. And what is that, monsieur?

PAT. He is a countryman of mine.

KIT. Ze Irishman and ze Dago from ze same country! (*Laughs.*)

PAT. Why, certainly! It's a long while ago, but I'll prove it to ye. Ain't them Dagos Macaronis? Well, centuries ago the Macaronis used to be the *McRooneys*. Now d'ye mind?

KIT. Yes, yes, I understand.

PAT. Now choose between us.

KIT. I have already chosen, monsieur!

PAT. You have! Well, is it garlic or corn beef and cabbage?

KIT. Monsieur, I prefer—ze corn beef and cabbage.

PAT. Wait before ye decide. I must tell ye! I have a secret in my past life!

KIT. A secret!

PAT. A secret! I have been foolish. Ah, me! Ah, me! (*Business of sighing, etc.*) Listen. (*Takes her by the wrist.*) I wouldn't be here now but for a woman!

KIT. A woman! Ah! (*Jealous, hand on heart.*)

PAT. Yes—my mother!

KIT. Monsieur, you are very funny! You deserve ze beg reward. I will give you a kiss!

PAT. My mouth is watering already!

KIT. Kneel down. (*Business.*) Shut your eyes. (*Business.*)
 [She creeps softly out D. L. 3. PATRICK has business, smacking his lips, sticking out his lips, etc., until he nearly falls over. Opens his eyes.]

PAT. The little French heathen! But there'll come a time some day. (*Looks after her, D. L. 3.*)

ENTER HATFIELD, R. 3.

HAT. She's not here yet. I'll see him first. He shall come to our terms, or—— (*Sees PATRICK, who steps away from door.*) Oh, it's you, is it?

PAT. Yes, it is me, is it. What do you want here?

HAT. That's none of your business.

PAT. I'll make it my business!

HAT. You'd better mind your own business, or you may get into hot water!

PAT. Into hot water, eh? Oh, well, there's nothing too good for the Irish!

HAT. You're fond of bluffing, my friend, but this time it don't go!

PAT. Well, never mind the bluff, so long as *you* go! Do you see that window?

HAT. I'm not blind!

PAT. Yes, ye are, but ye don't know it! Well, that window is thirty feet from the ground!

HAT. Make it thirty-one. (*Sarcastically.*)

PAT. You'll find the thirty enough. Now do you think you could drop that much without hurting yourself?

HAT. Why?

PAT. Because if you don't go that way (*points to D. L.*) pretty quick you'll go this way (*window*) a damned sight quicker.

HAT. You put on as many airs as if you owned the place!

PAT. It's a way I have!

HAT. There's many a true word spoken in jest!

PAT. I'll take the risk.

HAT. You'd better get insured.

PAT. I am! In the best company in the world.

HAT. What's that?

PAT. The Stout-Heart-and-Strong-Arm-Company. Capital unlimited!

HAT. You have a good long tongue!

PAT. I can reach further with my fist! (*Puts fist under HATFIELD'S nose.*)

HAT. I thought you were the gardener here?

PAT. I am. And it's just itching I am this blessed minute to do a little transplanting. (*Business.*)

HAT. Well, if you are the gardener, why the devil don't you stick to your garden?

PAT. Well, you see, gardening is my business during the day, but when the shades of night begin to fall I have other business to attend to.

HAT. What's that?

PAT. I'm the family watch-dog.

HAT. You're a cursed meddler!

PAT. And you a cursed muddler. Say, what are you, anyway?

HAT. Well, if you must know, I am an agitator!

PAT. An *agi-tater*! An *agi-tater*! Humph! Where do them taters grow?

HAT. They take root in most any soil, if you know how to plant them. They are now growing to perfection in Russia, Germany, and even in your own native place, Ireland.

PAT. Am I Irish? Who told you? So they grow most anywhere, eh? But *not* in America.

HAT. Not yet.

PAT. And they never will!

HAT. Why not?

PAT. Because the fertilizer we use in this country means certain death to every such crop! But come to think of it, I'm an agitator myself!

HAT. An agitator! How?

PAT. I agitate agitators! (*Fires him out D. R. 3.*)

[EXITS *after* HATFIELD.]

ENTER GENERAL and FLORA, D. L. 3.

GEN. My dear, you cannot visit us too often. You are a great favorite with my mother, and you know she does not care to go out.

FLO. I would certainly come more frequently, but people talk so, General.

GEN. Oh, they talk, anyway. Now just think of it, only yesterday I heard your name coupled with that of John Middleton, my superintendent.

FLO. The idea!

GEN. Preposterous, was it not?

FLO. Of course, he is quite the gentleman, and—

GEN. Has more brains than nine men out of ten, but of course that does not count.

FLO. It seems not. (*Sighs.*)

GEN. Now a woman of your tastes and aspirations would never allow yourself to fall in love with such a man! I am sure you would not.

FLO. Why are you so sure?

GEN. Well, to be perfectly honest, I have been keeping my eyes open lately, and it seems to me you object to his society.

FLO. That is the conclusion you have arrived at?

GEN. Pretty shrewd, am I not? Oh, you won't catch the old man asleep very often!

FLO. That is evident.

GEN. I have also observed that when you see him coming you generally run the other way.

FLO. The idea of my being so undignified as to run!

GEN. When he speaks to you, you seem as shy as a young school-girl, and hardly answer the poor fellow.

FLO. What utter rubbish you are talking!

GEN. In short, I believe you actually hate him! (*Turns his face away and shakes with laughter.*)

FLO. (*aside*). He is poking fun at me, I am sure of it! (*Creeps around behind him and catches him laughing. He ceases laughing and pretends to be very serious.*) So that is what you mean, sir?

GEN. What, my dear? What?

FLO. Exactly opposite to all you have been saying!

GEN. Well, the fact is—er—

FLO. Don't deny it, sir! Oh, I despise such trickery, such deceit!

GEN. Then you do not hate him?

FLO. I don't see why I should.

GEN. And you *do* love him?

FLO. Is there not a happy medium?

GEN. I am afraid he would not be happy with any medium. Now which is it, do you hate or love him most?

FLO. Well, I can't say that I hate him!

GEN. Not if you stick to the truth. Then you do love him?

FLO. I did not *say* so!

GEN. No, you did not *say* so!

FLO. No, sir, I did not say so! Nor will I stay here to be catechized. So good-by, you meddlesome, inquisitive, suspicious, interfering old tease!

GEN. Just one moment.

FLO. No, sir. I have heard enough!

GEN. This is purely a business matter.

FLO. Be quick, then!

GEN. I have come to the conclusion, provided you agree with me, to offer Mr. John Middleton, our superintendent, a junior partnership!

FLO. (*astonished*). You have?

GEN. He has served us faithfully for ten years. He knows every twist and turn of the market. In fact, I could not very easily replace him.

FLO. A junior partnership?

GEN. Certainly! Suppose some rival concern should discover his worth and offer him a better position!

FLO. It might happen at any moment.

GEN. We cannot afford to lose him!

FLO. He should be retained at *any* cost, *any* sacrifice. (*Sighs.*)

GEN. No sacrifice necessary, my dear. We will offer him such inducement as shall compel him to remain!

FLO. We certainly should—*any* inducements!

GEN. So you entirely approve?

FLO. With all my heart!

GEN. I thought so!

FLO. And when shall you tell him of the contemplated change?

GEN. Oh, there's plenty of time for that!

FLO. Do you think so?

GEN. Say six months from now.

FLO. Six months!

GEN. Too long?

FLO. It seems just a trifle too long to me!

GEN. Well, what do you say to giving him the information this very day?

ENTER DOCTOR DRUCE, PATRICK and NANETTE, D. R. 3.

FLO. You will! Oh, you dear, sweet, kind, lovely old tease, you!
[*Kisses him. Both down L.*]

[NANETTE is veiled; turns, staggers and tries to leave the room.]

DOC. (*aside to NANETTE*). Do not give up now, dear madame. Think only of the General's safety and the life of your child.

FLO. (*to GENERAL*). I will not detain you, General. (*Goes L.*) Don't forget, *to-day* without fail!

GEN. I'll not forget! (EXIT FLORA, D. L. 3. *To DOCTOR*.) Pardon me; what can I do for you? (DOCTOR *hands card*.) Dr. Druce! (*Extends hand*.) I know you well, by reputation. I

have heard so much of you and your unswerving fidelity to the poor that I am very, very glad to meet you!

DOC. I have only done my duty, sir! This lady is the bearer of most important information—I will leave her with you!

[EXIT, D. R. 3.]

GEN. Madame, pray be seated!

NAN. I—prefer—to—stand. (*Raises veil.*)

GEN. Nanette! (*Amazed.*)

NAN. Forgive me for intruding upon you. The tidings I bring must be my excuse! You are in danger—in danger of your life; within the hour this very house may be a heap of smoking ashes.

GEN. What do you mean?

NAN. A plot exists to burn this house and the lower mill! Michael Hatfield and a desperate band of associates intend to destroy your property and murder you!

GEN. In what way have I incurred such diabolic enmity?

NAN. I know not! By accident I learned their secret and have come to warn you!

GEN. You risked your life for my sake?

NAN. And for the sake of our child. She is ill—dying! Dying for want of fresh air and proper nourishment.

GEN. Why did you not come to me before?

NAN. I feared that the law might take her from my arms.

GEN. As God is my judge, much as I love her, greatly as I have missed her, I would not have taken her from you. Come, we will go to her at once! (*Turns R.*)

ENTER HATFIELD, D. R. 3.

HAT. One moment. You have had your turn, now it's mine; we gave you our terms, you refused to listen.

GEN. You wanted me to discharge good workmen and put on a lot of drunkards and shiftless vagabonds, and I refused.

HAT. The house is surrounded. Your Irish watch-dog is safe under lock and key. For the last time I say, give us what we demand or we will burn you like rats in a trap. What do you say?

GEN. No! I will not be coerced. Burn the mill. Reduce this house to ashes—do your worst—I will not yield one inch!

[*Turns down L.* NANETTE is L. C.]

HAT. And so we will! We've given you rope enough! You called me a bully and a coward, didn't you? Well, my life for yours! (*Fires at GENERAL, NANETTE comes between, receives*

shot, staggers and is caught by GENERAL. HATFIELD laughs and turns to run.)

ENTER PATRICK, R. U. *Knocks pistol from his hand.*

PAT. Stay right where you are!

CURTAIN.

ACT V.

SCENE.—*Same as Act IV. GENERAL DISCOVERED, L. C. NANETTE lying on a sofa, L. DOCTOR examining her head.*

GEN. You are sure the wound is not fatal?

DOC. You need have no fear on that score. The bullet struck aslant and glanced off, leaving her stunned.

[Loud shouts are heard below the window.]

GEN. *(moves to the window)*. I had forgotten! Something must be done, but what?

DOC. Is there no way of getting word to the men in the valley—those who are loyal to you?

GEN. None; the house is surrounded! *(Murmurs outside.)*

DOC. That they will shrink at nothing, even murder, we have ample proof! *(Points to NANETTE.)*

GEN. If Middleton were only here we might have some hope!

DOC. Middleton.

GEN. My superintendent. He has lived with us for several years. We are connected with the mill by telegraph, principally for his accommodation.

DOC. Is there no one else in the house capable of sending a message?

GEN. No one *(suddenly)* except my wife! She was quite proud of her dexterity! Unfortunately, she is now unable to help us.

[Both look out of window. NANETTE recovers a little.]

DOC. No, that is impossible.

GEN. *(points to telegraph pole)*. See, they have either forgotten the wire or they are aware there is no one here able to use it.

DOC. It is past the hour for work. Who would receive the message even if it were sent? (*Moves to the window.*)

GEN. Middleton himself. He was called to the mill half an hour ago on important business.

DOC. (*looking through the window*). There are three of them talking together.

GEN. (*looks*). Yes! The dark one is that miserable scoundrel, Hatfield! See, he points to the wire! My God! If we could only send a message, and at once. (*NANETTE still recovers.*) I can stand this no longer. Anything is better than such inaction. Doctor Druce, I leave my wife in your care. Remain in the house until the last moment. I have but to reach the men who are faithful to me and assistance can soon be obtained.

DOC. What do you intend to do? (*R. of table.*)

GEN. Break through their line and get to the village. Good-by. I am off! (*Shakes hand.*)

NAN. Stay! Your action would be of no avail. You would be too late. I will send the message.

GEN. No! no. (*Goes over to NANETTE.*)

NAN. Yes, I must send it!

GEN. The effort may cost you your life. (*Assists NANETTE to table.*)

NAN. It is death to us all if I do not make the attempt.

GEN. (*looks at DOCTOR DRUCE*). Doctor?

DOC. It is not wise in her present condition, but delay may be fatal.

NAN. Do not deny me, I beg of you.

[*NANETTE sits facing L. of table, so as to leave the window clear. She endeavors to call MIDDLETON; no answer. She falls back against GENERAL BURLEIGH.*]

GEN. There is no response. He must be in another part of the building!

DOC. And see! They are preparing to cut the wire. (*Points out of window. NANETTE hears and recovers. She tries to catch MIDDLETON again—pause.*)

NAN. No answer! My God! No—— (*Instrument ticks.*) Yes, yes, he has heard me! He is there! Quick. Quick, the message!

GEN. (*speaks message, which she telegraphs*). "Hatfield and about twenty other scoundrels are here—to burn—the house! Escape cut off! Can you help us? Burleigh."

DOC. See, they are climbing the pole!

[*NANETTE faints in the GENERAL'S arms, or leans against him half-fainting.*]

GEN. Never mind that. Quick! The strain has been too much for her.

[*They support NANETTE toward sofa. When close to it instrument ticks. She recovers with great effort and listens, leaning on GENERAL.*

NAN. The answer! The answer! (*HATFIELD'S head is seen through window, near top of pole.*) "Inside thirty minutes will bring you one hundred men." (*Sinks on sofa as the wire is cut.*)

Doc. The strain has been too great; she is completely exhausted. It would not surprise me if the shock made her slightly delirious. Have no fear, however; rest is all she needs. I will prepare a draught for her. [EXIT DOCTOR, R. S.]

GEN. And this is the woman I drove from my side! Scorned and rejected by the man who swore to love and protect her, she risked her own life to save mine.

[*NANETTE recovers a little.*

NAN. Where am I? What has happened? Let me think! Am I dreaming, and shall I wake to find myself with Louise? Louise—Louise, my darling! No, no; I left her to go—to—to—ah, yes, I remember! The shot! That man's terrible eyes—No, no, it is not a dream! (*Sinks back.*)

GEN. Nanette!

NAN. (*looks up slowly, but not at General*). His voice! He is here to mock me. I cannot endure that. I shall go mad! (*Rises.*)

GEN. Nanette, it is I. Come, let me take you to your room.

NAN. (*repulses him*). Do not touch me! You have no right! Let me go to Louise! (*Crosses c.*)

GEN. Nanette, I beseech you, forget the past. I am your friend, am I not?

NAN. *Friend!* He calls me *friend!* Too late! Too late, I tell you! (*Waves him back.*) I will not live to see her triumph. (*Hands to head.*) Take me to Louise. (*Bends over sofa, as though over Louise.*) Yes, yes, my darling, I will close the door. I will close it gently. He is only a rough man. (*Rises, stamps her foot.*) Stand still, I say! See! See! The eminent physician is dancing—dancing the dance of death! (*Laughs.*) Old withered stick, no human ivy ever twined around your heart! Pity! Who wants your pity? (*Sinks on sofa.*)

GEN. (*to DOCTOR, who enters D. R. 3.*) She is slightly delirious.

Doc. If she could sleep, even for half an hour, it would be of the utmost benefit to her.

NAN. (*rises, looks at vacancy for a few moments, then her face*

breaks into a smile.) Ah, what a happy day this has been! Just fifteen years old, and all is bright and beautiful to-night, and the dancing, the lights and the carriages— (*The smile dies out, she sighs, face becomes sad; she stares as if at some one.*) Ruined! You are ruined, you say, unless I marry M. Dumaire? I—I—must save you. You are my father, my dear, good old father. Yes, I must save you! (*Pauses a moment, screams, grasps sofa convulsively.*) Leave me, I tell you! I will not obey you, M. Dumaire! I am your wife, and not your slave! You lie! I am not guilty! I love no one, least of all you, who call me wife by virtue of love's death-trap, a marriage of convenience. *Wife!* I hate you! Take care! Remember my mother's Spanish blood runs in my veins, and where we hate we kill. (*Staggeres and is caught by GENERAL.*)

GEN. Nanette, do you know me? (*NANETTE looks at him for a moment, as if she sees him, and frees herself from his grasp.*)

NAN. You here? (*Appears dazed.*) Oh, how the fire burns. (*Clasps bosom.*) My blood, my brains, all on fire! You drove me out, drove me from you like a dog, drove me back to my old thoughts. And I was happy, oh, so happy! until she came and robbed me of my peace. Then came the horrible resurrection of my buried past, and I was once more the leper, Nanette Dumaire! And now, lost, all lost, and I—I—am sinking—sinking! Save me, Robert! Save me!

DOC. I will take her to her room. Do not be alarmed, General; she has but to sleep and all will be well. This way, madame. Come with me. (*Leads her off D. L. 2. BURLEIGH about to follow.*)

ENTER MIDDLETON, D. R. 3.

MID. General Burleigh! (*BURLEIGH turns quickly.*)

GEN. Middleton! (*Offers hand, withdraws it quickly. Looks at MIDDLETON, who is disguised as a workman.*) Yes, it is Middleton! What on earth are you doing in that dress?

MID. I knew I would never get into the house without some such disguise, and in the dark no one recognized me.

GEN. And the men?

MID. Will be here inside ten minutes, headed by six policemen from the village.

GEN. All goes well. Have you heard of the attempt on my wife's life?

MID. Yes. Brannigan told me.

GEN. I will leave you in charge for a few moments while I see to her comfort. (*Going.*) By the way, in recognition of

your faithful services to the firm, I have decided to take you into partnership. We will talk over the details later.

MID. Take me into partnership!

GEN. Certainly! Why not?

MID. I don't see what I have done to deserve such kindness, such generosity.

GEN. (*as if sternly*). That is a matter of opinion, sir. You know how obstinate I am in such matters, so don't try to thwart me.

MID. Of course, if you insist.

GEN. I certainly do! I need rest. I am going to Europe. I am tired of hard work. There are a dozen reasons why I should have a partner. (*Going.*)

MID. I am deeply grateful, General.

GEN. Well, then, I hope you will be willing to prove your gratitude by following my advice.

MID. And that is——

GEN. (*at D. L. 2*). Get married, sir, get married!

[EXIT, D. L. 2.

MID. Get married! (*Pause.*) I will to-morrow! That is, if she'll have me!

ENTER PATRICK, D. R. 3.

PAT. I have every gun and pistol loaded! I have given the Dago nearly a pint of whiskey to keep up his courage, and he's there ferninst the door with an ax in one hand and the carving-knife in the other. The cook's up in the second-story front window, ready to pour hot water on the divils. And may the Lord have mercy on any man that comes within jabbing distance of this toaster! (*Holds up a two-pronged garden fork.*)

MID. Your precautions are all right, Pat, but I don't think they will be needed. The boys will make short work of these scoundrels.

PAT. I'd like to have one dig at that black-hearted divil, Michael Hatfield! You see, sir, when he shot the poor lady he turned and upset me, and I'll not rest easy till I give him one thump. (*Going.*)

MID. By the way, Pat, you have had a good deal of experience with the fair sex. Now tell me, how do you manage to approach them so easily?

PAT. It's a way I have, sir.

MID. Yes, yes, I understand. But suppose you were going to propose to a lady, how would you manage it?

PAT. Well, sir, to my way of thinking, the quicker you take them the better they like it. (*Going.*)

MID. Oh, I see!

PAT. If you give them time to think it over, they'll say no even if they mean yes! The little devils is that contrary.

[EXIT, D. R. 3.]

MID. There's no doubt about it, Irishmen are great in love and war.

ENTER FLORA, D. L. 2. *Sees MIDDLETON.*

FLORA. Pardon me, I thought Mr. Middleton was here.

MID. He is! (*FLORA looks around L. MIDDLETON approaches her, so that when she turns R. he is close to her.*) Right here! (*FLORA retires, somewhat startled.*)

FLO. Good gracious, Mr. Middleton, you startled me! Well, sir, what do you want me for?

MID. I don't want you!

FLO. Sir!

MID. I mean I have always wanted you—

FLO. You have always wanted me! (*Smiles.*)

MID. Yes, I have always wanted you—to know that I have always been anxious to know—just what you know—about what I would like to know— Now do you know?

FLO. No!

MID. Neither do I! (*Aside.*) Hang it all! I wish I had that Irishman's nerve!

FLO. Well, Mr. Middleton, what do you want to see me about? (*Taps foot.*)

MID. I don't quite understand you.

FLO. General Burleigh said you wanted to see me!

MID. The devil he did! Ahem! I should say—

FLO. I should say—you should say!

MID. (*aside*). What did he do that for, I wonder? (*To FLORA.*) Oh, yes! I understand! Purely a matter of business!

FLO. A matter of business!

MID. General Burleigh is a splendid fellow.

FLO. The dearest fellow in all the world.

MID. The very dearest? (*Jalous.*)

FLO. Yes, I may say the very dearest—for his age.

MID. Oh! (*Relieved.*)

FLO. I love him dearly!

MID. (*jalous*). You do?

FLO. As a father.

MID. Oh! (*Relieved.*)

FLO. Yes!

MID. He has been good enough to offer me a partnership which I can accept if——

FLO. If——

MID. If it is agreeable to you!

FLO. The General mentioned the matter, and I told him to do as he thought best.

MID. And you approve of the idea?

FLO. Well, yes—I may say—I think it is a very good idea! If—er——

MID. If——

FLO. That is, under the circumstances!

MID. And you think I ought to accept?

FLO. Yes, I think you ought to accept!

MID. A partnership would mean quite a large income!

FLO. Quite large.

MID. Do you think a man could safely marry on such an income?

FLO. He'd be a fool if he didn't! (*Pause.*) I mean—that my advice—would be to marry—if he could find a suitable wife!

MID. I have found such a lady! Pretty, amiable—in fact, perfection!

FLO. Why, Mr. Middleton!

MID. But she might refuse me!

FLO. She'd be a fool if she did! (*Look at each other.*) That is—simply my opinion.

MID. Mrs. Dalroy—Flora—you know who I mean!

FLO. (*turns away and nods her head in the affirmative. Aside.*) He can't escape this time!

MID. (*puts arm around her waist*). Flora, I must tell you! I can't help it!

FLO. I am glad you can't help it, John! You ought not to have been able to help it six months ago.

MID. You do love me, then?

FLO. (*turns to him*). Why, you big goose, I almost proposed to you twice!

MID. You had so much money!

FLO. And you so little courage!

MID. I thought you would marry nothing less than a Duke!

FLO. Nor will I.

MID. What do you mean?

FLO. I mean that a good, honest American gentleman is better than a broken-down Duke by a large majority.

MID. I am afraid you are somewhat singular in your ideas!

FLO. Maybe I am, but what does it matter, John, so long as you're happy?

MID. Happy! Great Scott! I feel as if I owned the United States Treasury, and had a mortgage on the Bank of England! (*Pause.*) And could draw on sight! (*Kisses her.*)

ENTER GENERAL, D. L. 3, and KITTY, C. D.

KITTY. Pardon! I did not know! [EXIT *quickly*, C. D.

GEN. Well, well! Partners for life, eh?

MID. Yes, sir; and the junior partnership settled it.

GEN. My boy, you deserve them. Accept my hearty congratulations, both of you.

FLO. (*to GENERAL*). It is all your fault, sir. You are a wicked, designing old matchmaker. [EXIT D. L. 2.

GEN. This is a courtship under difficulties with a vengeance. Hadn't we better reconnoitre and find out what the enemy is doing?

MID. The men will be here without delay. Their orders were to advance quietly and surprise the rioters.

GEN. Come along, then. I am anxious to see the issue.

[EXIT, D. R. 3. MIDDLETON *follows*. KITTY *peeps in cautiously*.

KITTY. I am so glad, a wedding in the house at last! They say Monsieur Middleton is very clever, very smart, but he is slow. He cannot make love, not like my Patsy Brannigan. *He* make love the first time we meet and the last time we meet. Ah me! I had a horrible dream last night!

ENTER PATRICK, D. R. 3.

I dreamed I saw my poor Patsy stretched out on the ground dying.

PAT. (*aside*). Well, if he is, he don't know it!

KIT. The dew of death lay cold upon his brow!

PAT. (*aside*). Don't! You make the cold chills run up and down my spoonal column.

KIT. And his poor cold lips seemed to say——

PAT. (*has approached, now puts arm around her waist*). The devil a drop of whiskey have I tasted for the last four and twenty blessed hours!

KIT. Oh, Brannigan, dear Brannigan. (*Pinches him all over.*)

PAT. Don't! Ye tickle me!

KIT. Oh, I am so glad you're not dead!

PAT. I'm with you. I never saw the Brannigan yet that wanted to die.

KIT. (*in his arms*). Oh, Patsy, take me away from this hor-

rible place to your own beloved country! Take me to your palace in Tipperary, where the perfumed air steals through the mist of alabaster lamps, and the night is heavy with the sighs of the orange groves!

PAT. (*aside*). She's a little mixed. (*To KITTY, as he puts arm around her waist and walks toward L.*) Yes, that's very nice, an' when ye're tired of all that we will wander by the glue factory, where the highly perfumed air steals the championship away from the limburger. And if we can't find one of them blasted lamps we'll take a tally candle, and make the night heavy with the size (*business*) of the potatoes and the per cabbages and the per turnips. [EXEUNT, R. I.

ENTER GENERAL, D. R. 3, and the DOCTOR, D. L. 3.

GEN. How is she?

DOC. She sleeps, but may wake at any moment and in her right mind. The shock was a severe one, but I assure you she will be completely restored.

GEN. Thank God for that! To what misery and suffering has she not been condemned? In her hasty flight she took nothing with her but a few articles of clothing and a small sum of money. Alas! my friend, it comes back to me with fearful force that had I loved her truly I could not have sent her away. But I will atone for my injustice; henceforth her life, as far as I can make it, shall be as bright and peaceful as hitherto it has been dark and stormy!

DOC. A noble resolve, my friend. You will excuse me a moment. [EXIT, D. L. 3.

GEN. Yes, I am right, I know it. In a moment of frenzy, urged beyond human endurance, she allowed a fiend in human shape to take his own life. But has she not saved mine at the risk of her own? Oh, Thou who shalt judge us, not by one act alone but by the deeds of all our lives, surely she has atoned to the uttermost for her sin. Yes, I have done right. The world shall never know who she is, or what lies buried in her past. Beauplan is dead and cannot betray her secret, even if he would. Those who once knew her believe her dead. Forgotten by all, she too will learn to forget the past and all its sorrows. (NANETTE ENTERS L. 2. *Before her entrance and until the end of the act soft strains of song, "Our Last Waltz."*) Nanette!

NAN. (*startled*). Robert! I did not know you were here. I will go! Forgive me for staying, but I have been ill, it seems, and am still very weak.

GEN. Why should you leave us, Nanette? Is not this your home, my wife?

NAN. Your wife! Do not mock me! You have no wife now!

GEN. (*takes her hand*). Sit down; you are not strong enough to stand. I have much to say to you. (NANETTE *sits*.) Perhaps my unkindness in the past has killed the love you once bore me!

NAN. (*aside*). Once!

GEN. Would to God the memory of the past could be forever obliterated! It was cruel of me!

NAN. It stood between us then. It stands between us now.

GEN. You were a child—you did not know!

NAN. (*rising*). Why do you torture me? Let me go! You yourself have said it—we two must live our lives apart!

GEN. Forgive me! I was blind; it was my pride, and not my love, that spoke. Remain with me, my wife. I bid you stay!

NAN. Do you know what all this means? What all this means to me? I who have never ceased loving you! Though your coldness pierced my heart like a knife and almost killed me my soul could not forget you. God pity me, I love you still!

GEN. You—love me still?

NAN. And loving you thus, think you that I could remain to make your life a misery and a curse? In the years that have gone forever you gave me love. That love is now another's. Take her to your arms, give her the love that once was mine. I do not want your pity!

GEN. You wrong me! I have never loved Mrs. Dalroy. Besides, she is the promised wife of John Middleton!

NAN. The promised wife of John Middleton! You don't love her? Can this be true? (*Sinks on sofa*.)

GEN. True as that I once was cold and hard, and refused to forgive you; true as that before God and man I swore to love, honor and protect you, but, like a coward, forgot my oath; true as that my unkindness of the past shall be atoned for, that you are my wife and that I love you!

[*During this speech NANETTE rises trembling, and at the end takes one step L., then turns to him and he embraces her.*]

NAN. Robert, you forget. Beauplan—he will betray me!

GEN. He could not if he would!

NAN. What do you mean?

GEN. He died three months ago in Africa of swamp fever, a martyr to the cause of science. (*Noise outside, loud hurrahs.*)

Places NANETTE on sofa). Ah! the men have arrived and the rioters are flying before them! (*At window.*)

ENTER FLORA, D. L.

FLO. General Burleigh, where are you? It's all over! They did not wait to be asked, but took to their heels without striking a blow!

GEN. I knew the boys would stand by me. They have known me too long to see me wronged! But come! (*Leads her toward NANETTE.*) Nanette, Flora is here.

FLO. Nanette! (*Kneels by her side.*) You are better. I am so glad!

[*Kisses her.* GENERAL smiles, looking at them, and
EXITS D. R. 3.]

NAN. Flora, dear, how greatly I have wronged you. Can you forgive me?

FLO. Do not speak of it! Had I been in your place I might have made the same mistake!

NAN. I have been very, very foolish!

FLO. Not a bit of it! It was all my fault! I should not have come here so often! But then, you see—well, the fact is—

NAN. I have heard all about it. Mr. Middleton had already captured your heart, though you did not know it!

FLO. I am afraid he had!

ENTER GENERAL and MIDDLETON, D. R. 3.

GEN. Well, I don't think we will have any more trouble!

MID. If we can only get that scamp Hatfield safe under lock and key, that would end the whole matter.

[*Pistol shot is heard.* MIDDLETON EXITS D. R. 3. NANETTE starts up trembling.]

NAN. Robert! (*GENERAL takes her in his arms.*)

GEN. Do not be alarmed. No harm shall come to you. (*FLORA about to go R.*) I would not go if I were you. Middleton will soon return! (*ENTER PATRICK hurriedly, D. R. 3.*) Well, Brannigan, what's the trouble about?

PAT. Officer Bentley was about to arrest that scalawag Hatfield for attempted murder, when what does he do but draw a knife and try to stab him. In a twinkling Bentley draws his gun, and down goes Mr. Michael Hatfield!

GEN. Killed?

PAT. Faith, and I couldn't tell you, sir, for I came right straight here!

ENTER MIDDLETON and OFFICER, supporting HATFIELD.

HAT. (*breaks from them*). Leave me alone, I say. I can stand, never fear. What I've got to say, I'll say!

GEN. Why did you allow this man to come here?

MID. He said he had important information for *you*, General.

HAT. Ay, for *you*, and for *all* here. It's my last chance to get even with you—and I'll do it—if—it takes—my—last breath.

GEN. I'll not hear a word! Officer, take him away!

HAT. (*rushes toward GENERAL and they restrain him.*) No, let me speak! I *will* speak! He's afraid of me—afraid that I—that—— (*Falls. DOCTOR kneels beside him.*)

DOC. He is dying.

HAT. (*struggles to his elbow*). Dying? No, no—not yet—not until—I drag him down—and pay back—blow—for—blow! Listen all. (*Points to NANETTE*). There stands the woman who was accused of—accused of—— (*Struggles.*) I can't breathe—air—give me—— (*Falls and dies, up c.*)

DOC. He is dead!

NAN. Dead! May God have mercy on his guilty soul!

CURTAIN.

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
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